



DC
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15

THE NEW 52!

SUPERMAN

ACTION

COMICS

**EVIL'S
EARLIEST
DAYS...**

**MORRISON
WALKER
MORALES
FISCH
SPOUSE**

RAGS MORALES

DCCOMICS.COM

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15

THE NEW 52!

SUPERMAN®

ACTION

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WALKER
MORALES
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SPOUSE**



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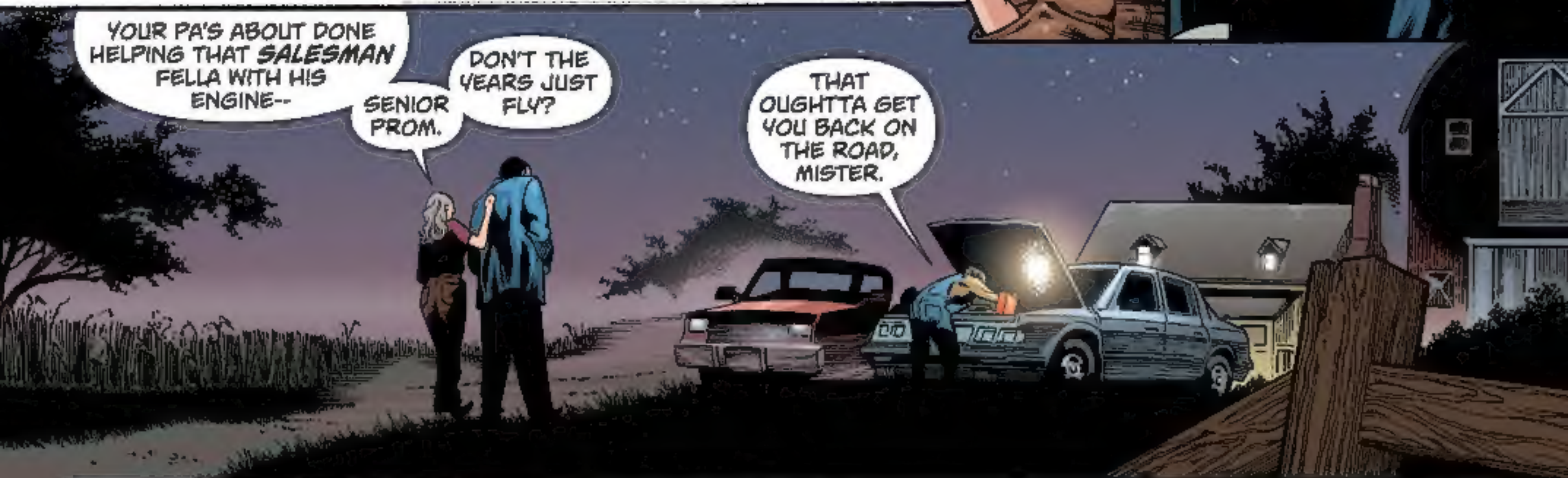
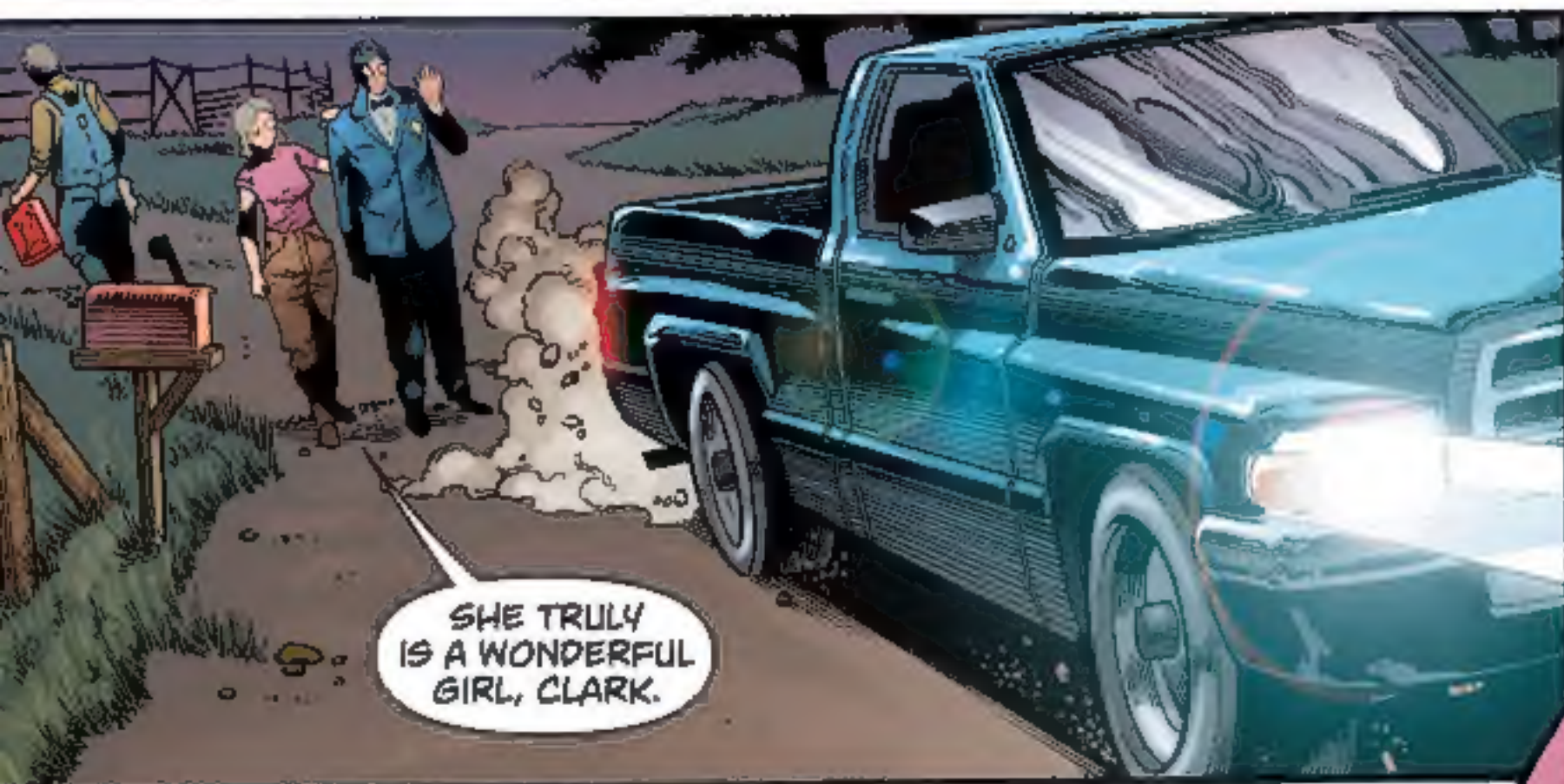
**MORRISON
WALKER
MORALES
FISCH
SPROUSE**

PAGS M. FALES

FEB 2013

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...I THINK ABOUT THAT DAY A LOT.

THAT PROM NIGHT.

IF THINGS HAD BEEN DIFFERENT...

I THINK MAYBE THEY WERE DIFFERENT ONCE, CLARK.



BEFORE VYNDKTVX.

HE MESSED UP A LOT OF THINGS AND CHANGED THE WAY IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE.



YOU'RE *YOU* HERE AND A PRINCESS IN THE 5TH DIMENSION?

MRS. NYXLV, YOU TRANSFORMED INTO SOMETHING I COULD BARELY COMPREHEND--

THAT NAME AGAIN.



I HAD TO *SHOW* YOU MY COMPLETE FACE, OTHERWISE YOU'D NEVER BELIEVE WHAT I HAVE TO TELL YOU.

BUT I WAS RIGHT ABOUT YOUR *FORTRESS* AND I *KNEW* YOU'D TAKE THE JOB AT THE *DAILY PLANET*, DIDN'T I?

YOU SAID TIME WOULD BECOME... STRANGE.

LIKE THE MEMORY I JUST HAD OF BEING... ON *MARS*.



BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN TO MARS.



NOT YET:
THE MARS
COLONY PROJECT
IS TWO YEARS
FROM LAUNCH,
CLARK.

NOAH
RANDOM IS
EIGHT YEARS
OLD.

BUT THINK
ABOUT THE WAY THE
WATER IS DISPLACED
AROUND A SHARK.

VYNDKTVX
DISTURBS TIME
WHEN HE
CLOSES IN FOR
THE KILL.

HOPE YOU
DON'T MIND ME
KEEPING A
SOUVENIR.

A T-SHIRT
WON'T STOP
WHAT'S COMING,
ANYHOW.



IT'S HARD TO
PREPARE FOR AN ENEMY
WHO CAN STRIKE AT
ANY MOMENT IN
YOUR LIFE.

SOMEONE
WHO CAN MAKE THIS
CONVERSATION FEEL LIKE
SOMETHING IMPORTANT
THAT YOU'RE TRYING TO
REMEMBER--

LIKE YOU'RE
RUNNING IN THAT
INDESTRUCTIBLE SUIT
OF YOURS--AND THE
SKY IS RED...





...HE'S HERE
SOMEWHERE

I CAN
FEEL IT.

SUPERMAN
HAS NOWHERE
LEFT TO
RUN.

HE
CAN'T
FLY.

RED SUNLIGHT'S
MAKING HIM WEAKER BY
THE SECOND.

TIME'S
SHUTTING DOWN
AROUND HIM.

SUPERMAN at the END OF DAYS

GRANT MORRISON
WRITER

BRAD WALKER
& RAGS MORALES
PENCILLERS

ANDREW HENNESSY
& MARK PROPST
INKERS

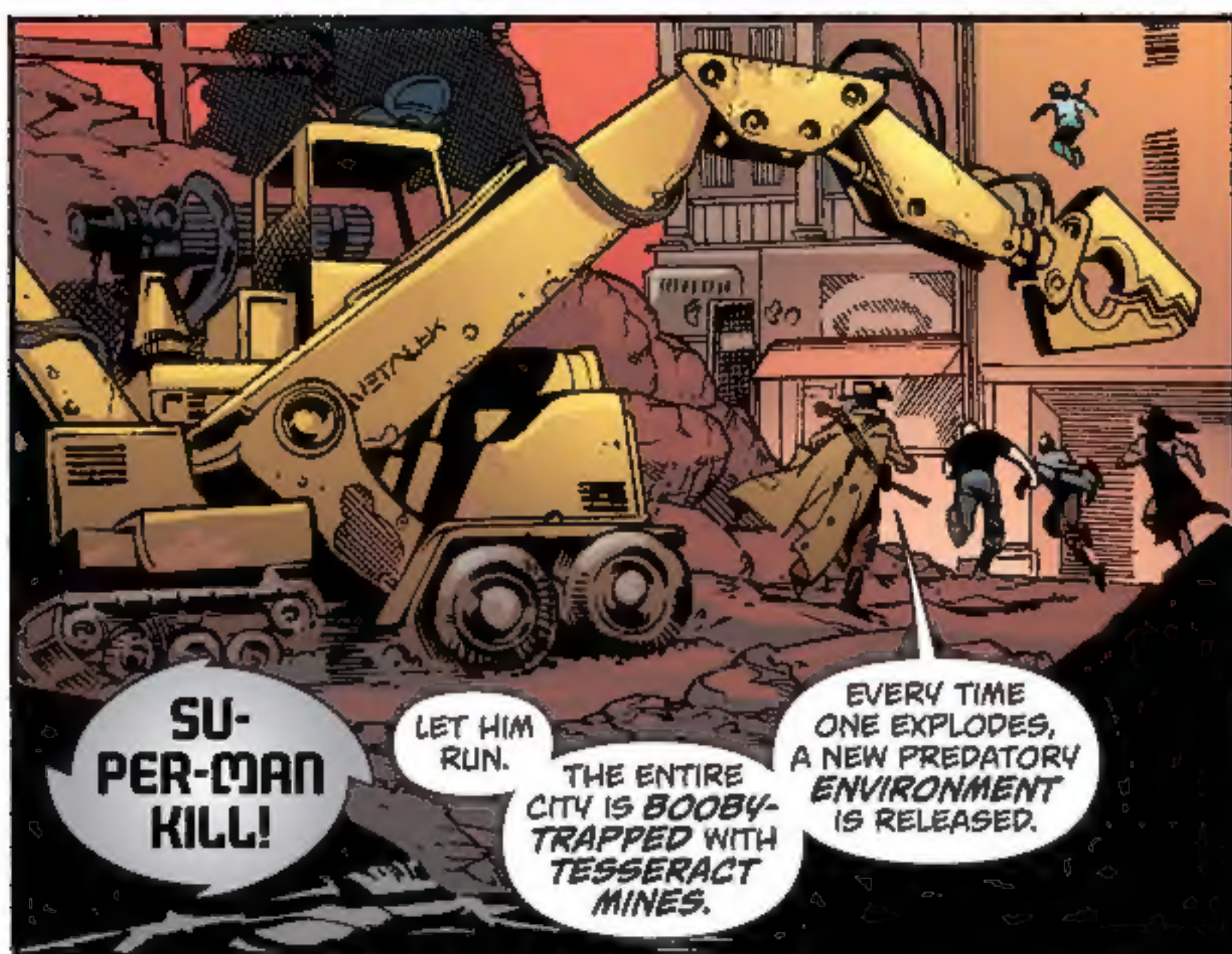
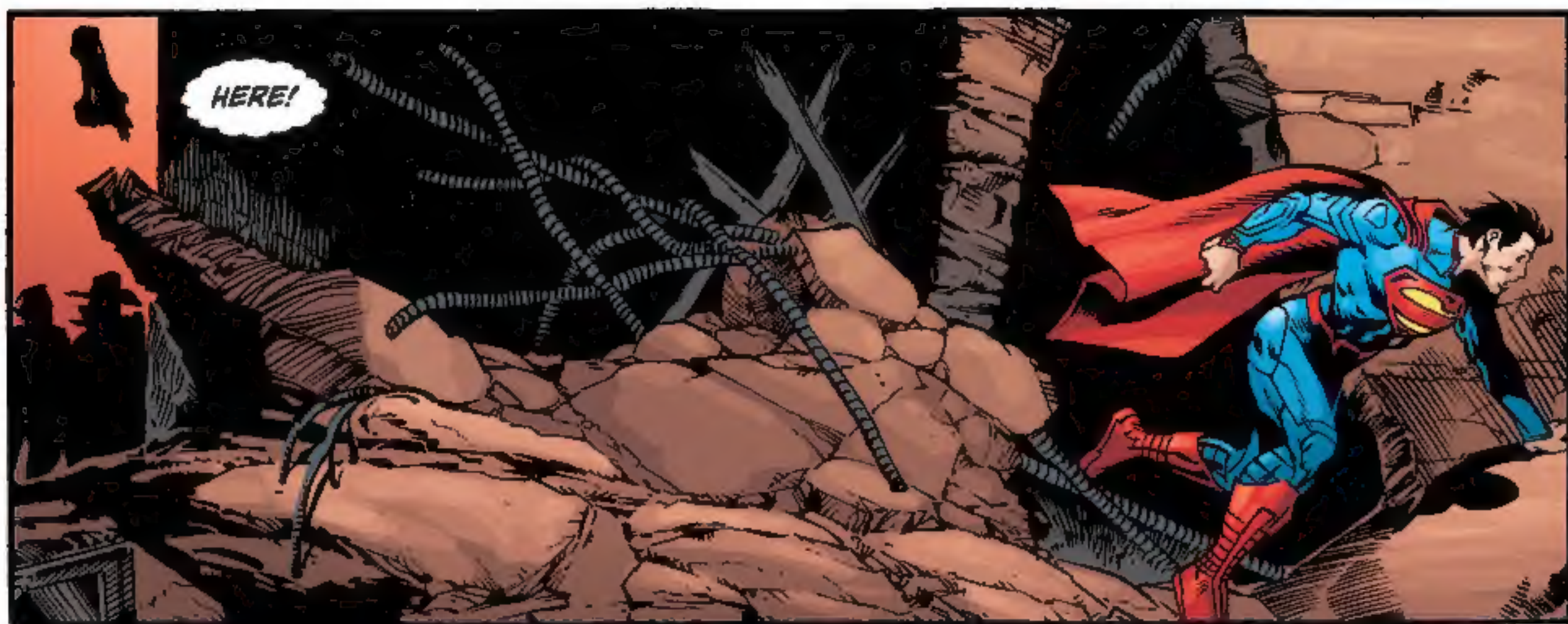
BRAD ANDERSON
COLORIST
STEVE WANDS
LETTERER

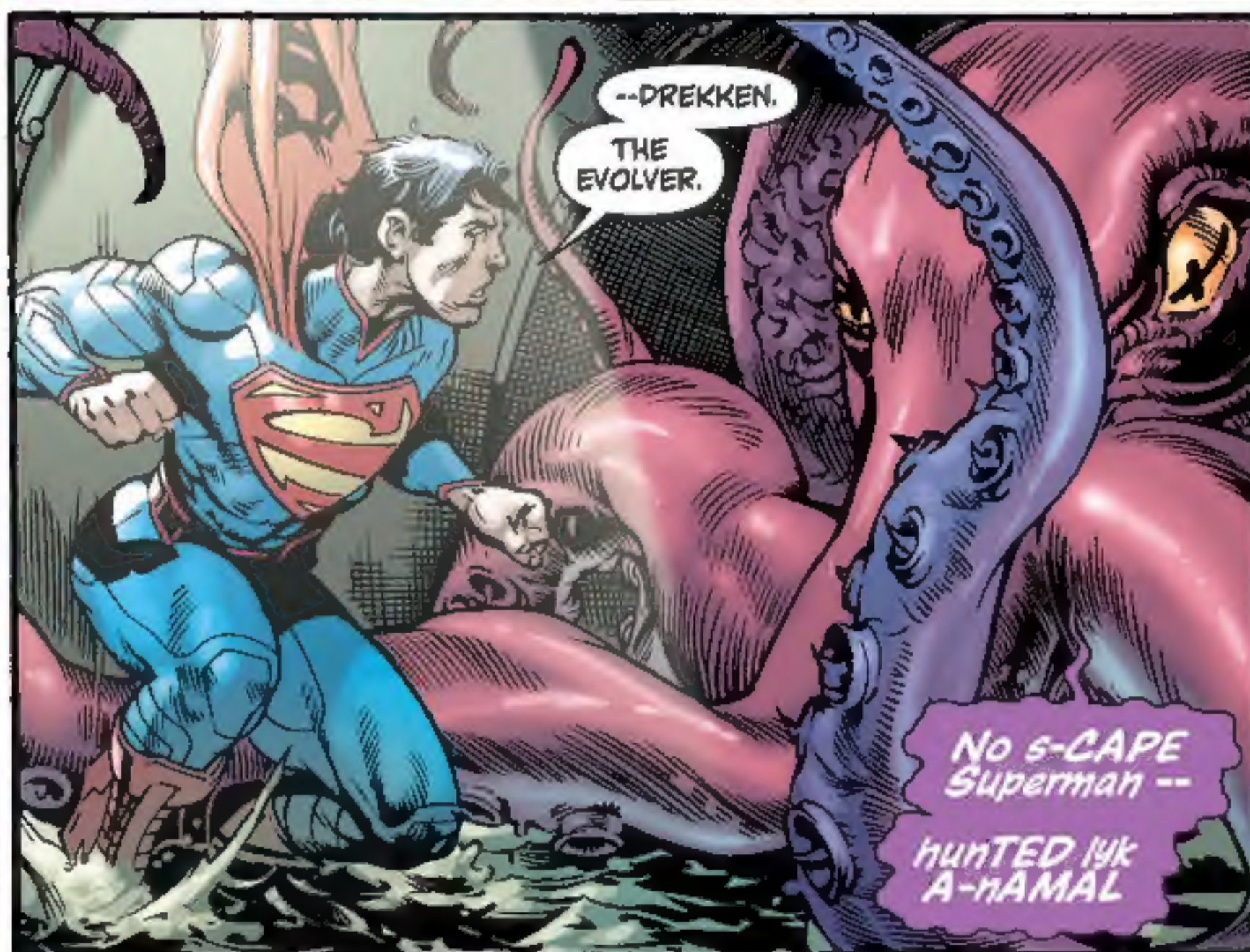
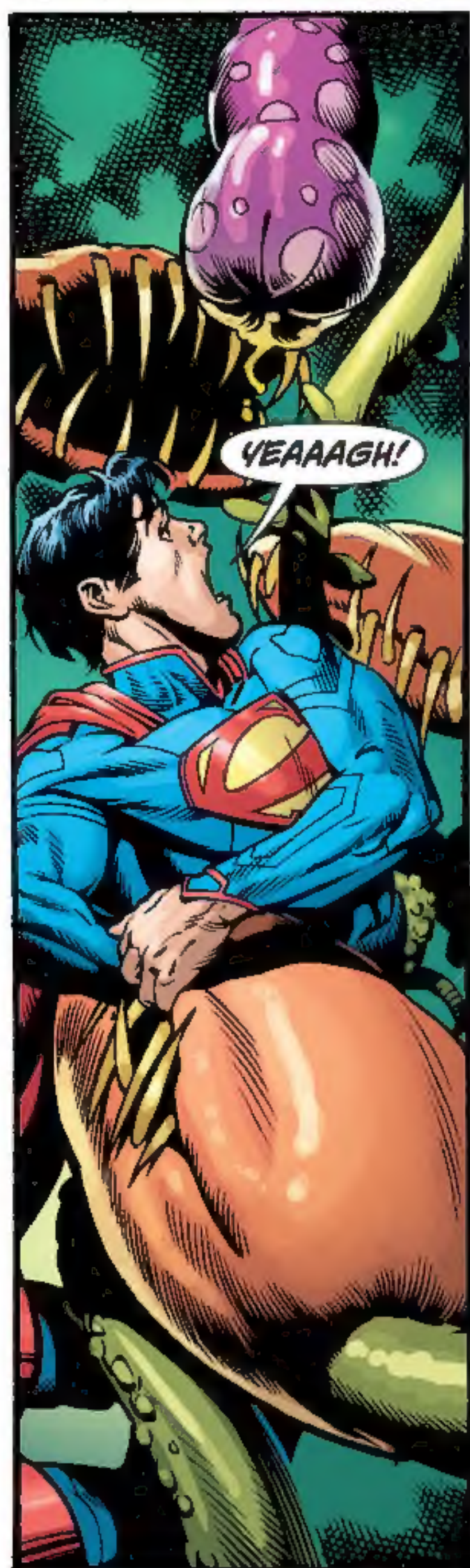
MORALES & ANDERSON
COVER
FIONA STAPLES
VARIANT COVER

WIL MOSS
ASSOC. EDITOR

MATT IDELSON
EDITOR

SUPERMAN CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER



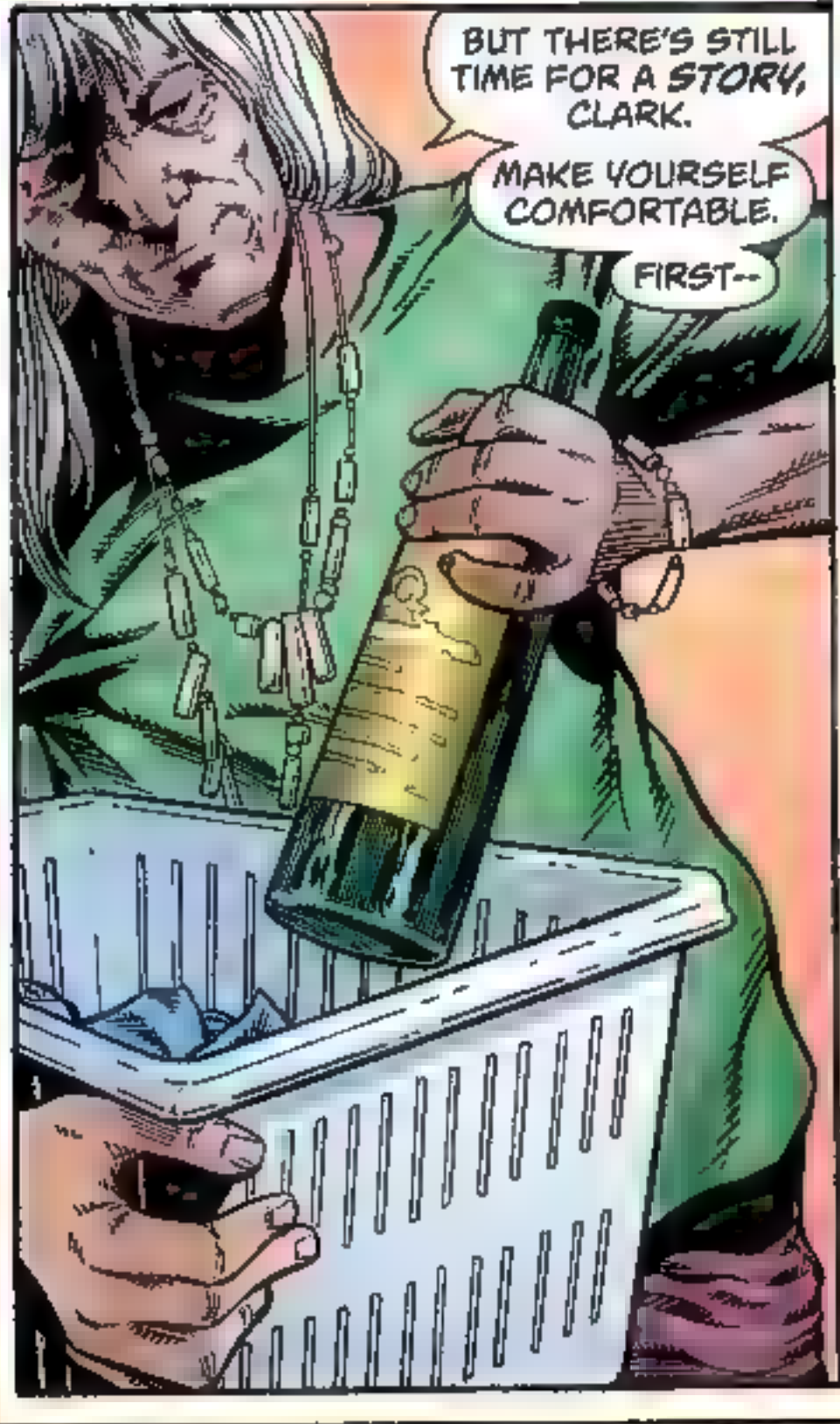


...I THOUGHT
I HEARD
SOMETHING--

SOMETHING
SHIFTED.

AS IF
SCENERY WAS
MOVING AROUND
BEHIND ME.

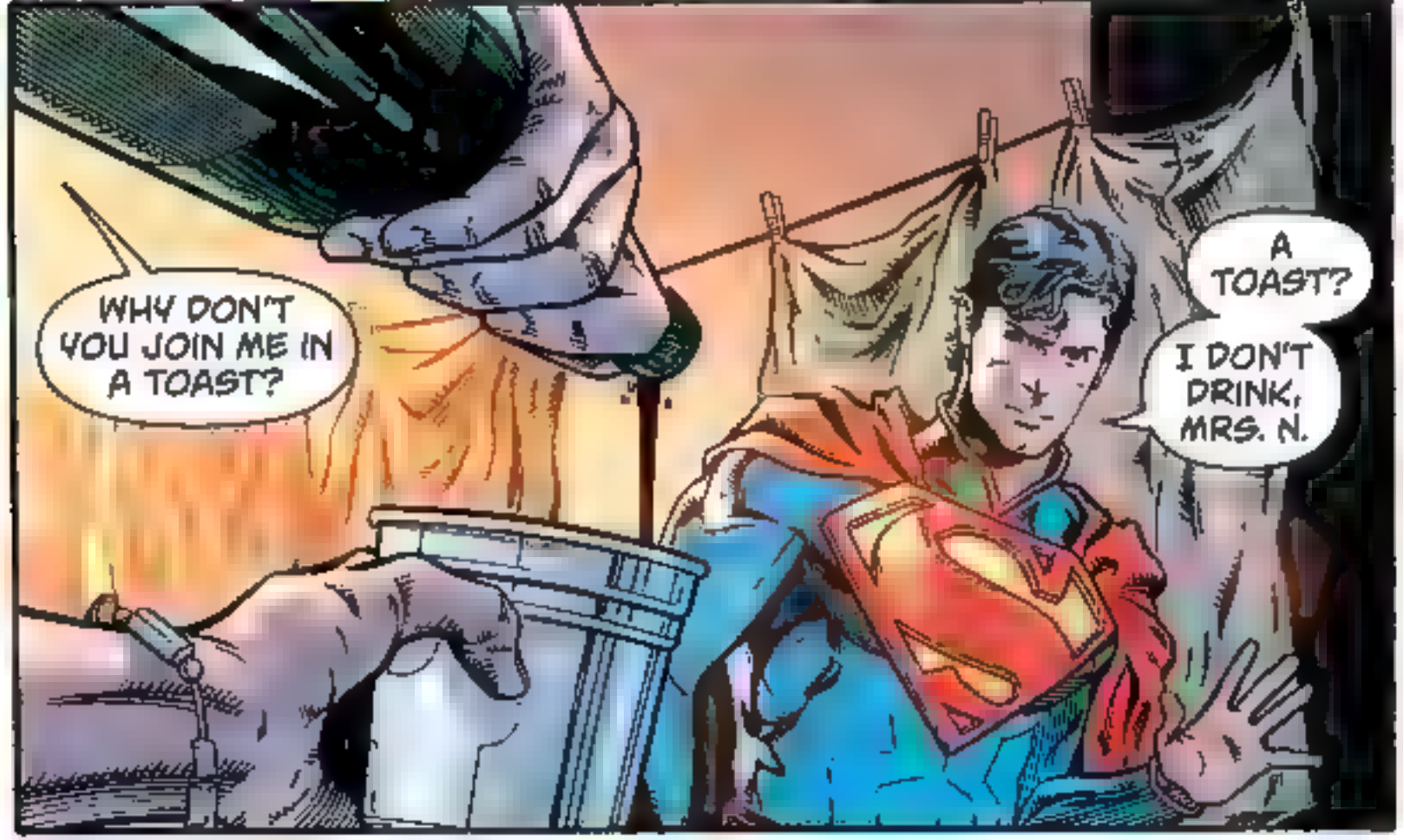
YOU'RE RIGHT
ABOUT THAT.



BUT THERE'S STILL
TIME FOR A STORY,
CLARK.

MAKE YOURSELF
COMFORTABLE.

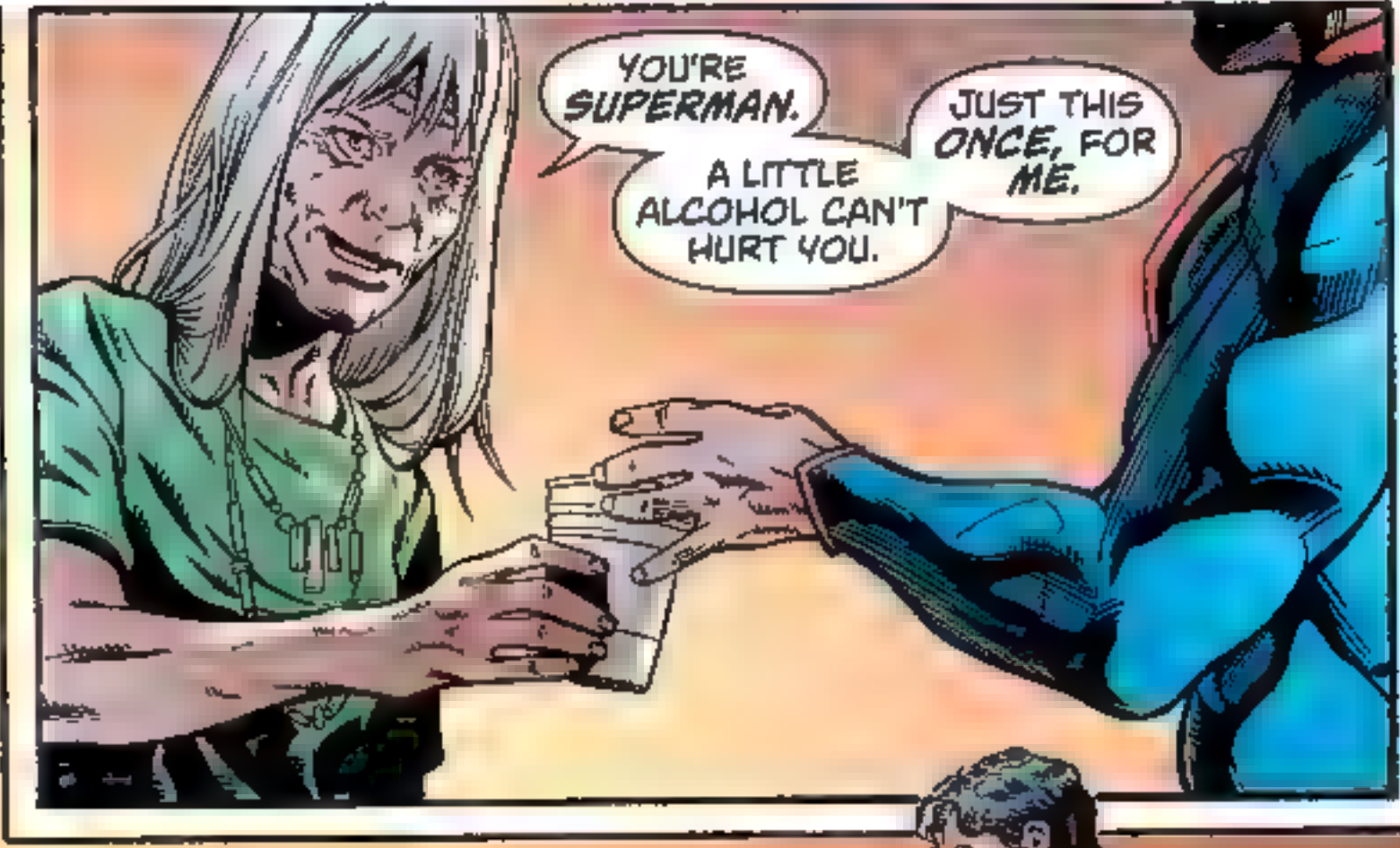
FIRST--



WHY DON'T
YOU JOIN ME IN
A TOAST?

A
TOAST?

I DON'T
DRINK,
MRS. N.



YOU'RE
SUPERMAN.

A LITTLE
ALCOHOL CAN'T
HURT YOU.

JUST THIS
ONCE, FOR
ME.

HERE'S TO
THE TRIUMPH
OF GOOD
OVER EVIL.



THIS STORY, WELL—

THIS IS A STORY OF THE 5TH DIMENSION.

ONCE UPON AN ALWAYS, FURTHER THAN FOREVER AND CLOSER THAN THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD...

LIVED THE SAD KING-THING BRPXZ OF ZRFFF, THE FIVEFOLD COUNTRY.

SINCE THE LOSS OF HIS QUEEN, NOTHING COULD BRIGHTEN HIS MOOD.

AND WHILE HE SIGHED AND SUFFERED, THE WHOLE COURT, THE GREAT UNBOUNDED SPHERE OF ZRFFF ITSELF, HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO SHARE THE BLUE-BLACK GLOOM.

NOT ONE OF HIS SUBJECTS, NONE OF THE TREASURES AND WONDERS OF ZRFFF--

NOT EVEN HIS LOVING DAUGHTER, THE PRINCESS GSPTLNZ--

NOTHING COULD BRING A SMILE TO THE KING-THING'S FACE.

LEAST OF ALL
THE DULL FORMULAE, DRY
ABSTRACTIONS, CREAKING
RULES AND BONY PROOFS
CONJURED BY THE COURT
MAGICIAN, LORD
VYNDKTVX, FROM HIS
BLACK CABINET.

UNTIL THAT
DAY--

HN?

--TO THE ANY-
ANGLED PALACE
CAME A YOUNG MAN
IN A TATTERED
COAT OF COLORS,
SEEKING HIS
FORTUNE.

BPRK!

TRF
DNB!

HIS NAME WAS
MXYZPTLK, AND
HE COULD CHARM
THE SPARKLE
OUT OF THE
STARS--

WHEN HE
SAW HOW SAD
MY FATHER WAS,
HE PROMISED
HE COULD MAKE
HIM SMILE.

VYNDKTVX
SNEERED
AT THAT.

IN!

GDRPL!

VI!



BUT MYX
DIDN'T PLUCK
NUMBERS FROM HIS
POCKETS OR WINGED
CONSONANTS FROM
HIS SLEEVES--

--HE PULLED A
UNIVERSE FROM
HIS HAT.

A ROLLED-UP
3-DIMENSIONAL
UNIVERSE.

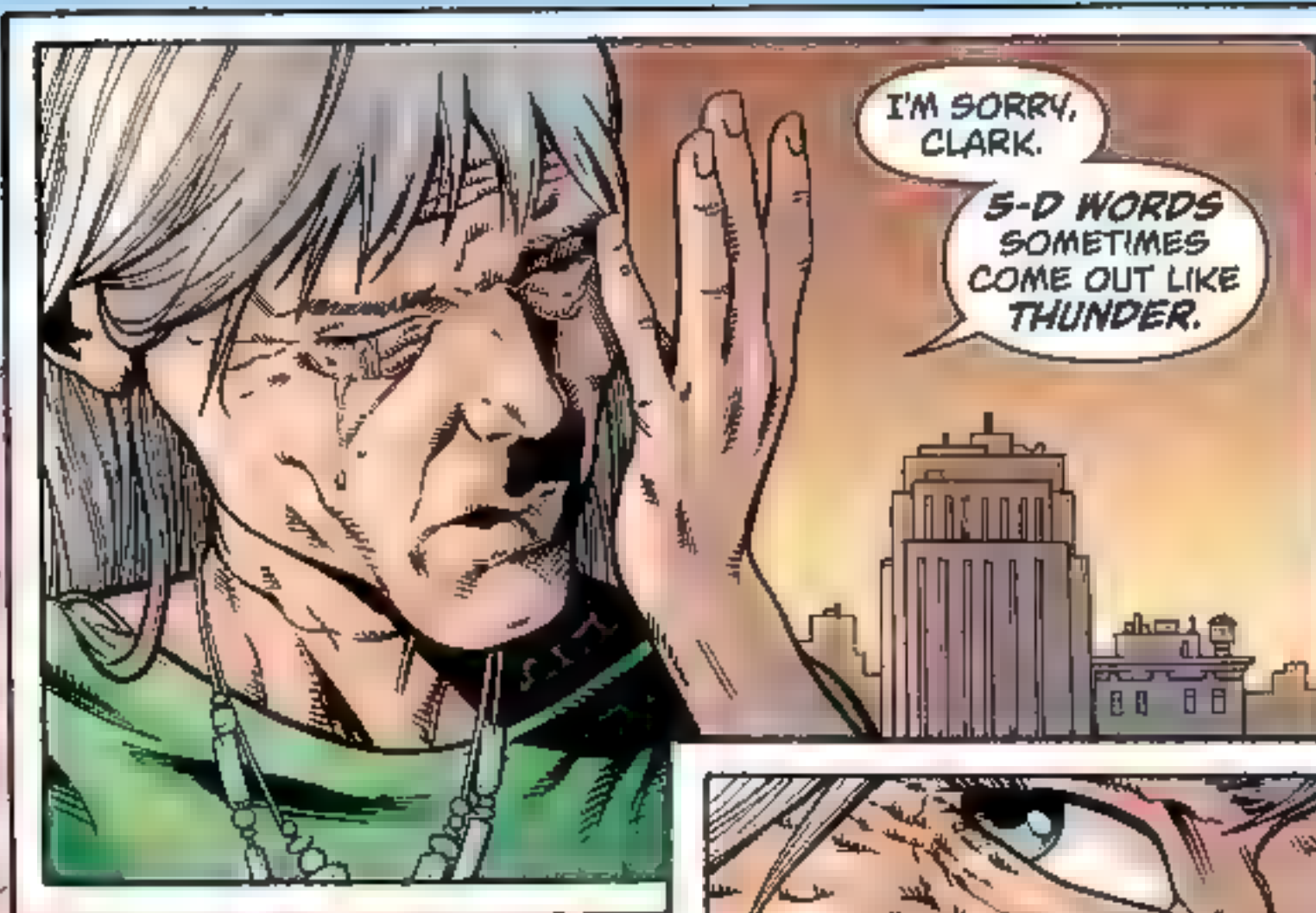
TRICEVERYDAY30
FOR THE KING-THING'S
AMUSEMENT, HE'D JUGGLE
MATTER AND TIME TO TEASE
AND TRICK THE PUFFED-UP
LITTLE CHAMPIONS OF
333 DIFFERENT
WORLDS.

SOMETIMES
ALL AT
ONCE.

SUPERTURTLE OF
JAZUUR; RANDIZULIAN'S ELEKTO;
COSMICUS; PROFESSOR
POWER; VARTOX; THE
WYRD OF WOORD--

THEY TRIED A MILLION
WAYS TO MAKE HIM SAY HIS
NAME BACKWARDS AND
NEVER COULD.

MY MISTER
MXYZPTLK.



I'M SORRY, CLARK.

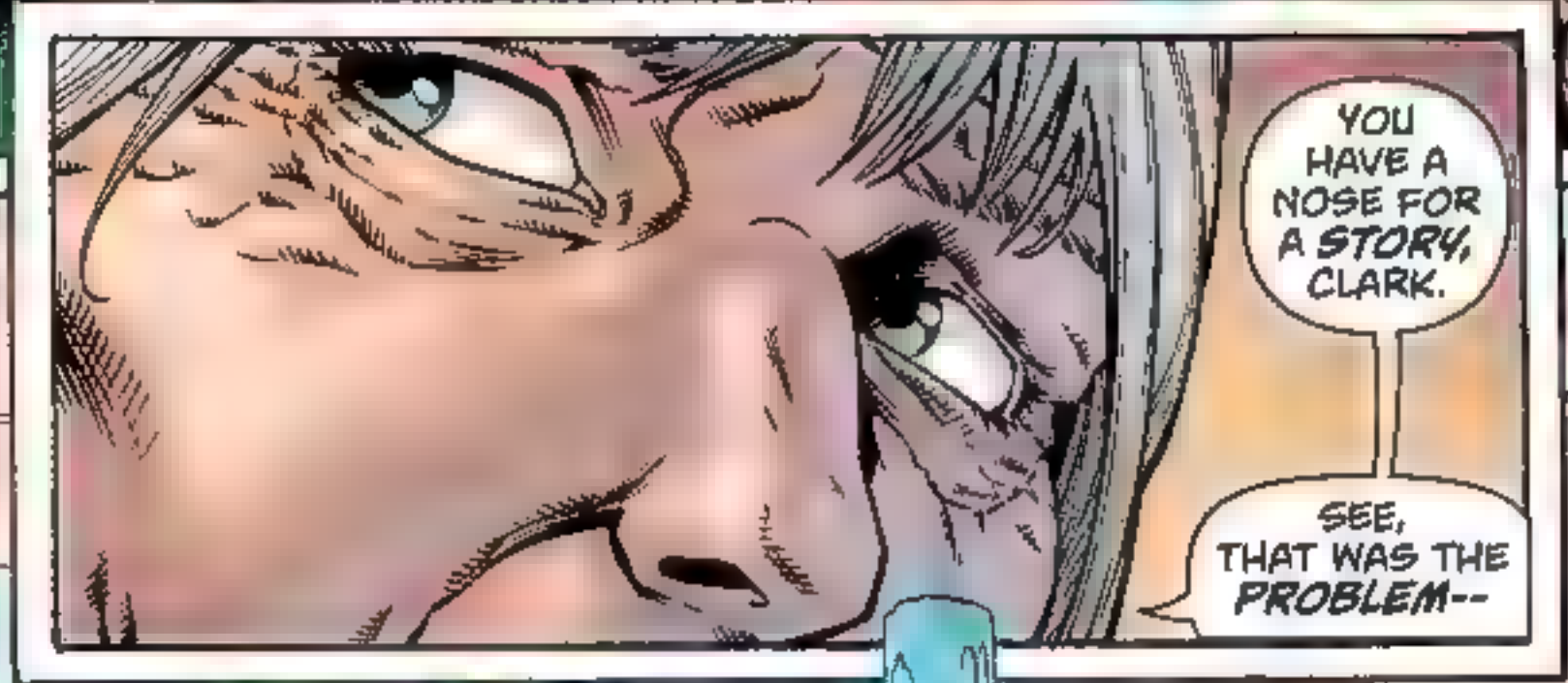
5-D WORDS
SOMETIMES
COME OUT LIKE
THUNDER.



AND YOU
FELL IN
LOVE?

WHERE WAS
THE OTHER
MAGICIAN IN
ALL THIS?

VVN-DIK-
TIV-IX?



YOU
HAVE A
NOSE FOR
A STORY,
CLARK.

SEE,
THAT WAS THE
PROBLEM--



VVNDKTVX.

THE
ENVOIOUS
ONE.

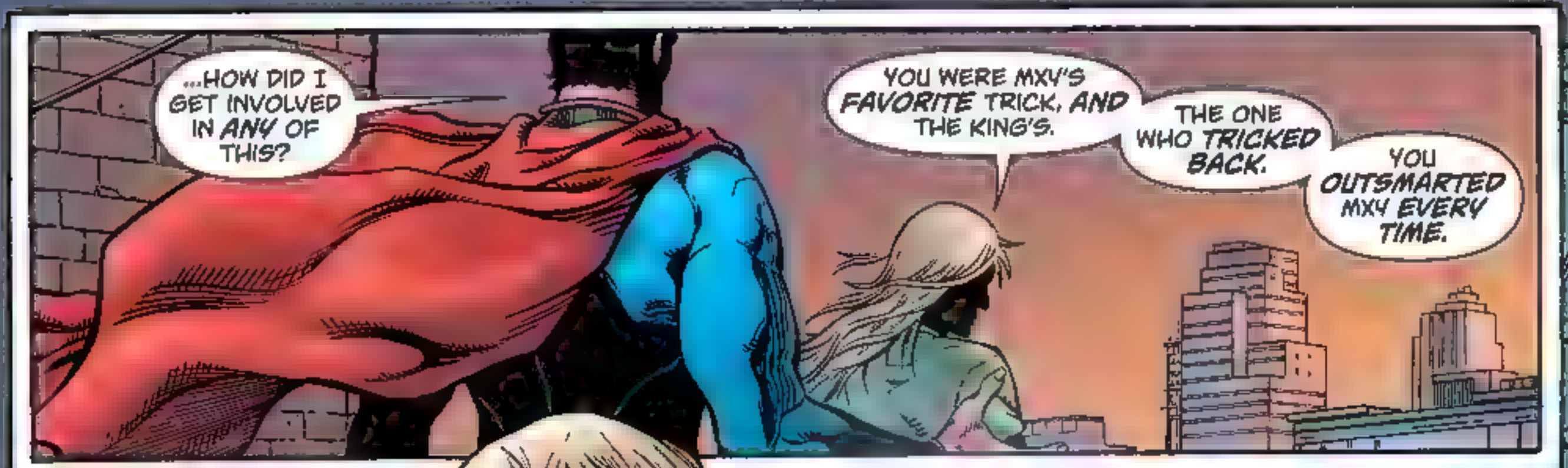
WHEN MXY
DECLARED HIS LOVE
AND GAVE ME THREE
WISHES TO WEAR,
VVNDKTVX WAS
ENRAGED.



...SUPERMAN
IS CONFUSED
AND DISORIENTED
NOW, LOSING HIS
SUPER-POWERS.

WHEREVER
HE GOES, WE
FOLLOW!

DON'T
LET HIM GET
AWAY!

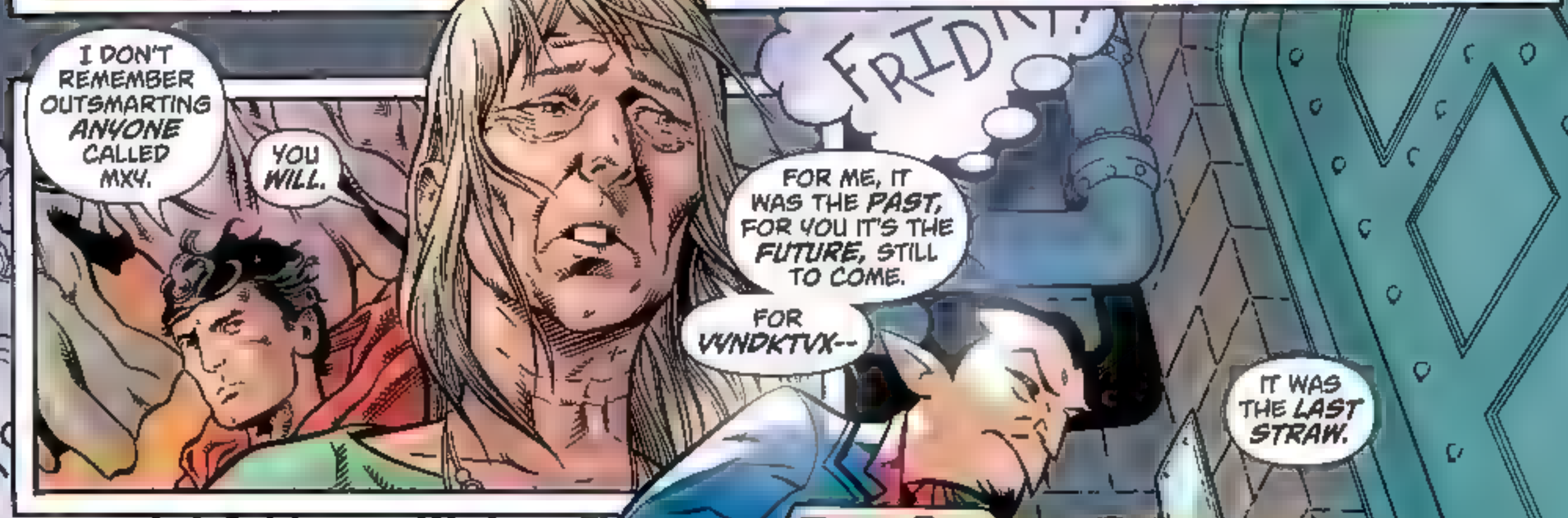


...HOW DID I
GET INVOLVED
IN ANY OF
THIS?

YOU WERE MXV'S
FAVORITE TRICK, AND
THE KING'S.

THE ONE
WHO TRICKED
BACK.

YOU
OUTSMARTED
MXV EVERY
TIME.



I DON'T
REMEMBER
OUTSMARTING
ANYONE
CALLED
MXV.

YOU
WILL.

FOR ME, IT
WAS THE PAST,
FOR YOU IT'S THE
FUTURE, STILL
TO COME.

FOR
VUNDKTVX--

IT WAS
THE LAST
STRAW.



DRIVEN BY A
JEALOUS RAGE,
HE STOLE THREE
SUBLIME WEAPONS
LEFT OVER FROM
CHROMO-
CONFLICT 2.

THE
NOTHINGCOAT.

THE
IMAGINATOR.

THE
MILLION-POINTED
MULTISPEAR.

DRD RTFN!

ZB RTQ!

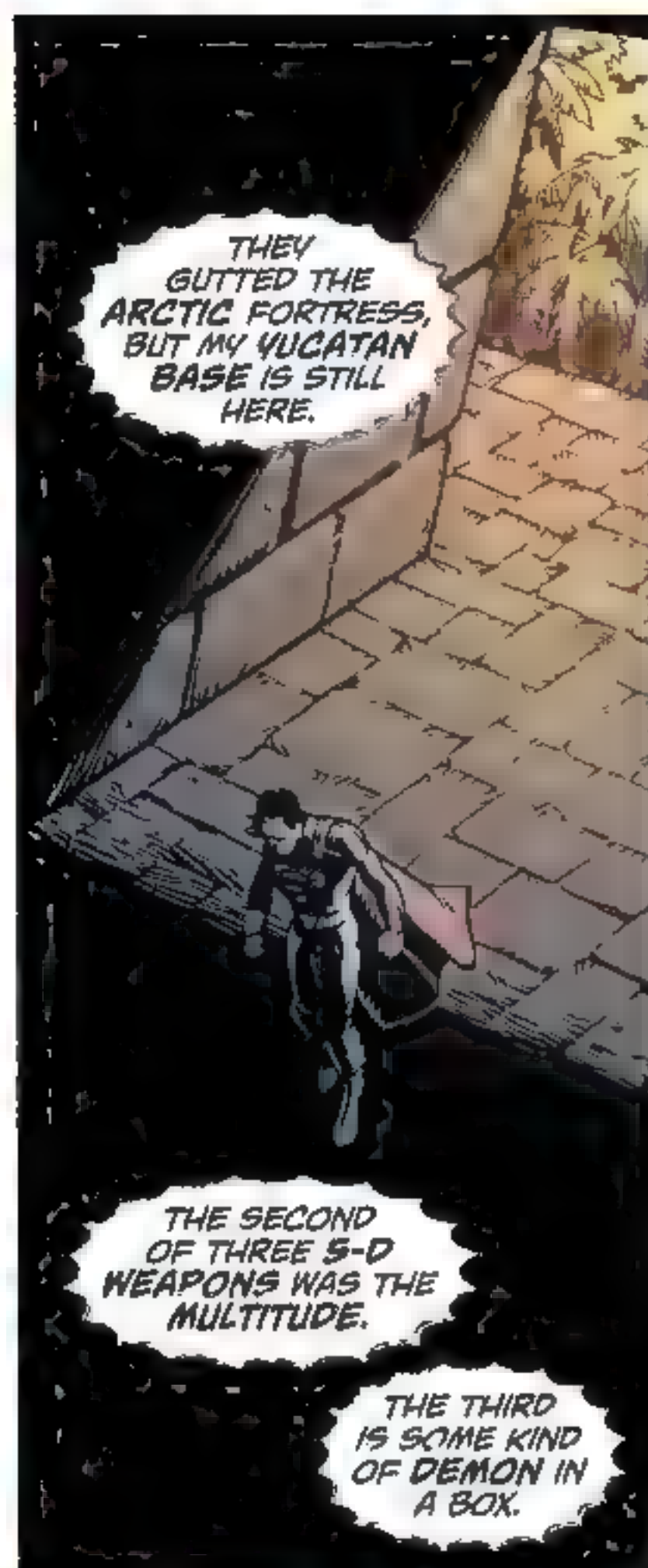
THEN, WEARING
THE NOTHINGCOAT,
HE CREPT THROUGH
THE PALACE UNSEEN,
TO KILL MXV AND
TAKE ME.

BUT IT DIDN'T
WORK OUT THAT
WAY--





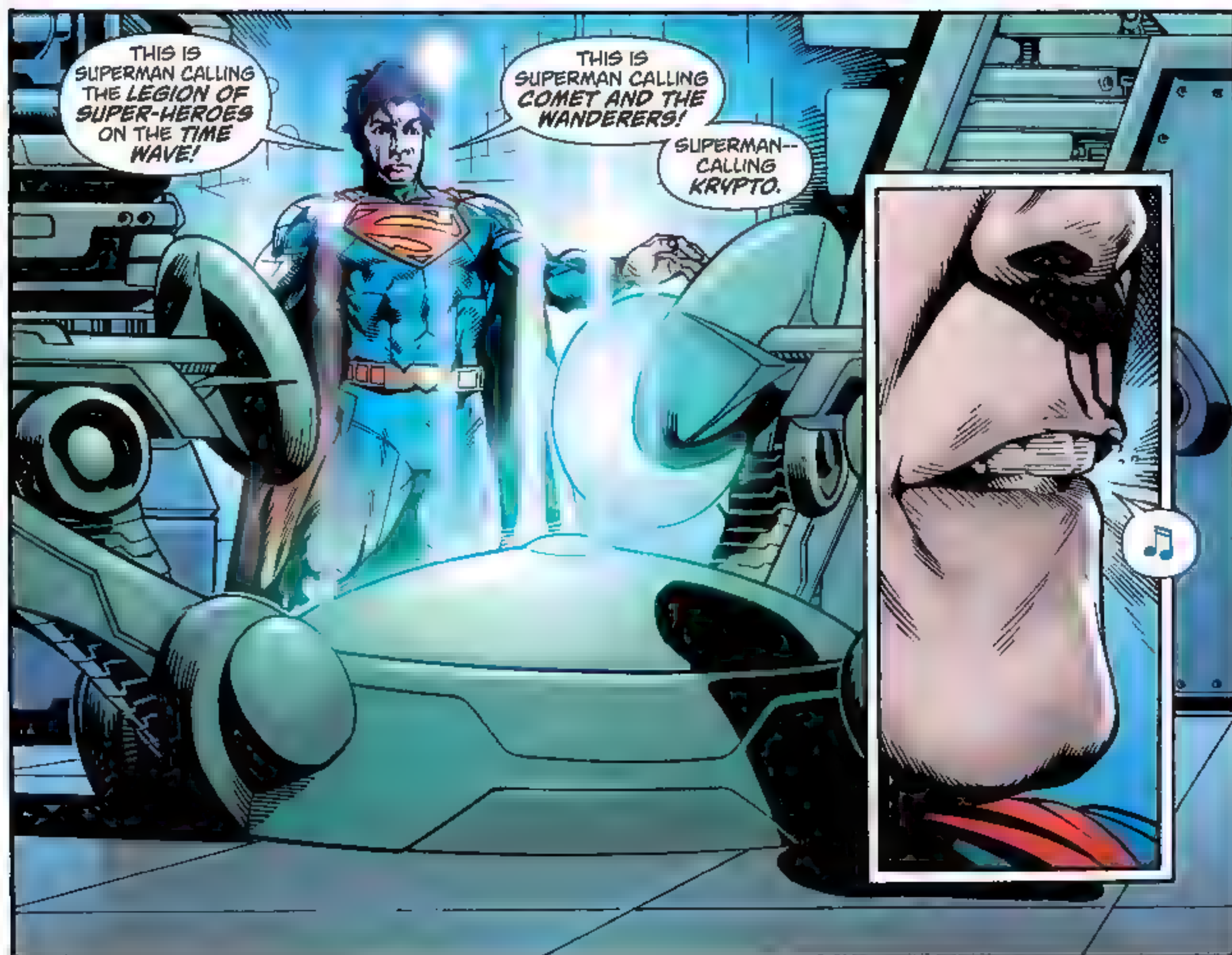
...I HOPE
YOU CAN
HEAR ME.



THEY
GUTTED THE
ARCTIC FORTRESS,
BUT MY YUCATAN
BASE IS STILL
HERE.

THE SECOND
OF THREE S-D
WEAPONS WAS THE
MULTITUDE.

THE THIRD
IS SOME KIND
OF DEMON IN
A BOX.




THIS IS
SUPERMAN CALLING
THE LEGION OF
SUPER-HEROES
ON THE TIME
WAVE!

THIS IS
SUPERMAN CALLING
COMET AND THE
WANDERERS!

SUPERMAN--
CALLING
KRYPTO.





VYNDKTVX SAW
ONLY THE **SHADOW**
ON THE DRAPE—THE
FAMILIAR **DERBY HAT**
OF HIS ENEMY.

HE RAISED
THE **MULTISPEAR**,
BRISTLING WITH
FRACTAL POINTS.

THEN HE
STRUCK.

MY FATHER
WAS LAUGHING,
TRYING MX4'S SILLY
LITTLE HAT ON
HIS HEAD--

230
WORLDS DIED
INSTANTLY.

BUT ON
TWO OF THOSE
WORLDS, THE MULTI-
SPEAR ENCOUNTERED
UNEXPECTED
RESISTANCE...



THE
FEEDBACK
NEARLY KILLED
US ALL.

VYNDKTVX
WOULD NEVER
RECOVER HIS
SANITY.

HE BARELY
NOTICED HIS
RUINED ARM, THE
SHATTERED SPEAR,
THE BROKEN
COAT.

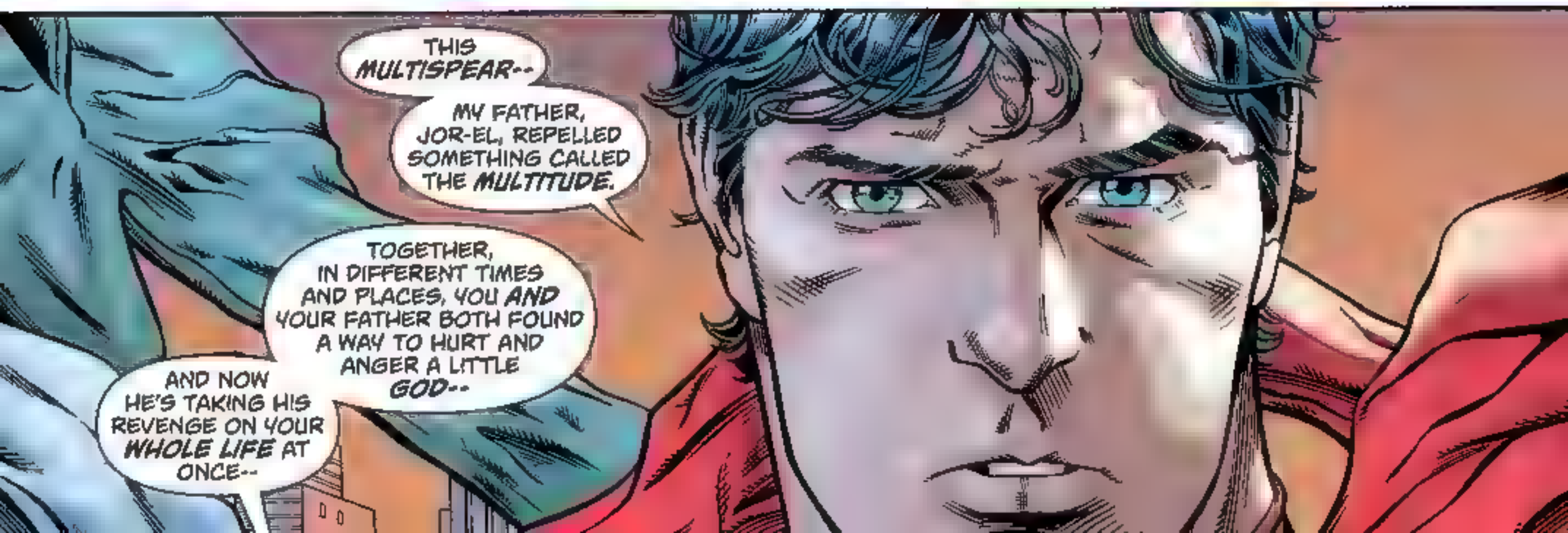
HE HAD KILLED
NOT HIS RIVAL BUT
HIS KING, AND THE
PENALTY FOR REGICIDE
WAS ETERNAL
IMPRISONMENT.

HE
WOULD
LOSE IT
ALL.

LOSE
EVERYTHING.

UNLESS HE
COULD FRAME
MX4 AND SEIZE
CONTROL OF
ZRFF.

KRRRr
K!



THIS
MULTISPEAR--

MY FATHER,
JOR-EL, REPELLED
SOMETHING CALLED
THE MULTITUDE.

TOGETHER,
IN DIFFERENT TIMES
AND PLACES, YOU AND
YOUR FATHER BOTH FOUND
A WAY TO HURT AND
ANGER A LITTLE
GOD--

AND NOW
HE'S TAKING HIS
REVENGE ON YOUR
WHOLE LIFE AT
ONCE--

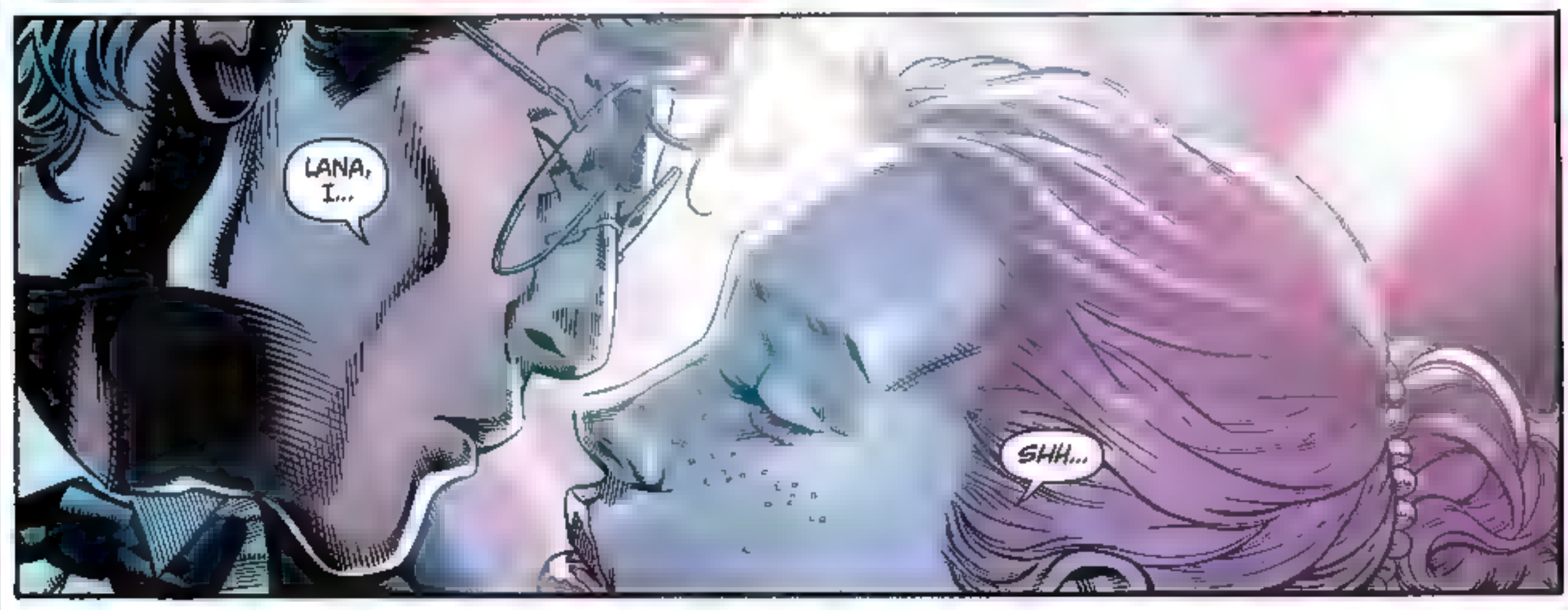
...NO ONE
EVER ASKED
ME TO DANCE
BEFORE,
LANA.

THAT'S
THEIR
LOSS.

THERE'S A LOT
MORE TO YOU THAN
MEETS THE EYE,
CLARK KENT.

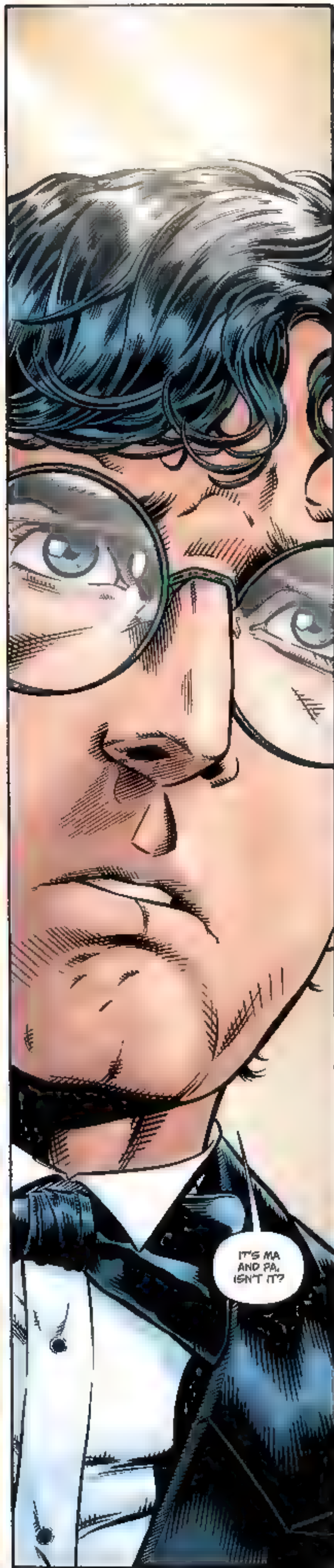
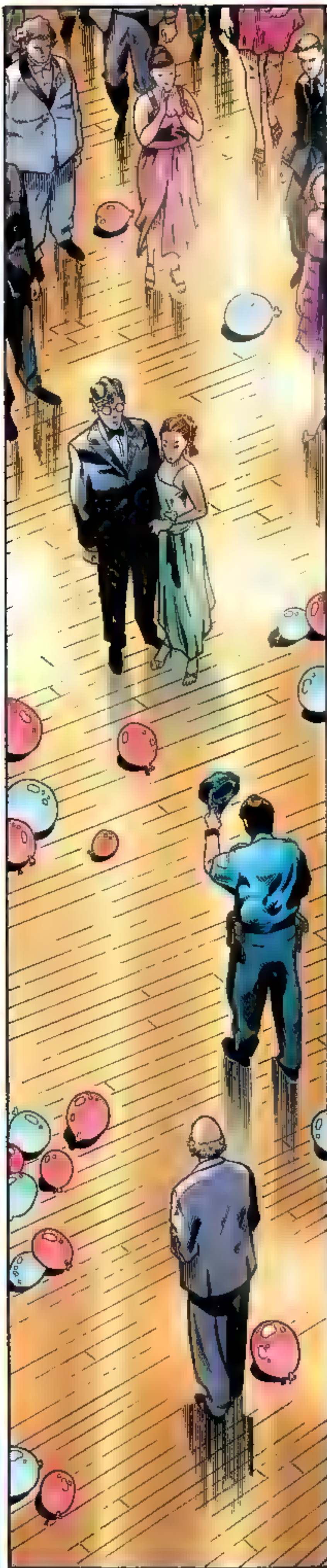
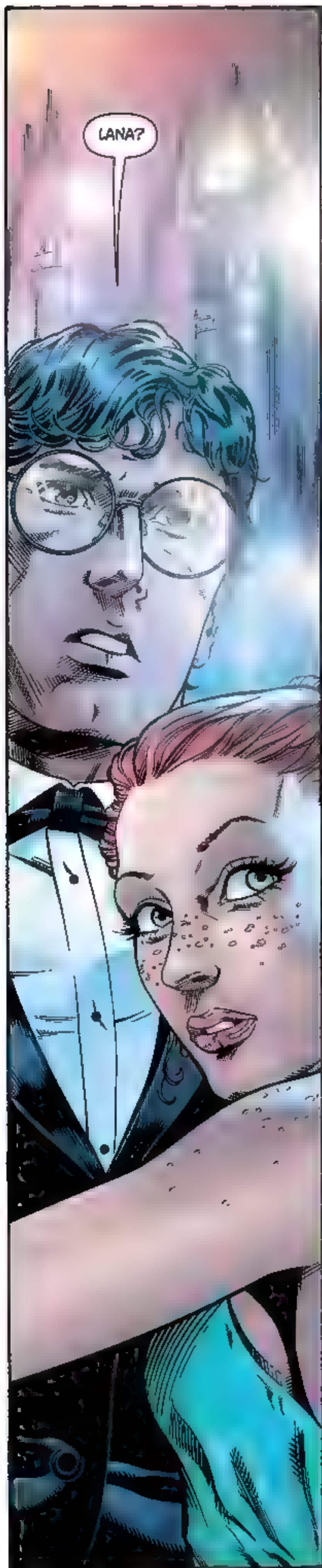
IT WAS
ALWAYS YOU AND
ME AGAINST THE
WORLD.

NOW THEY
ALL WANT TO
BE US.



LANA,
I...

SHH...



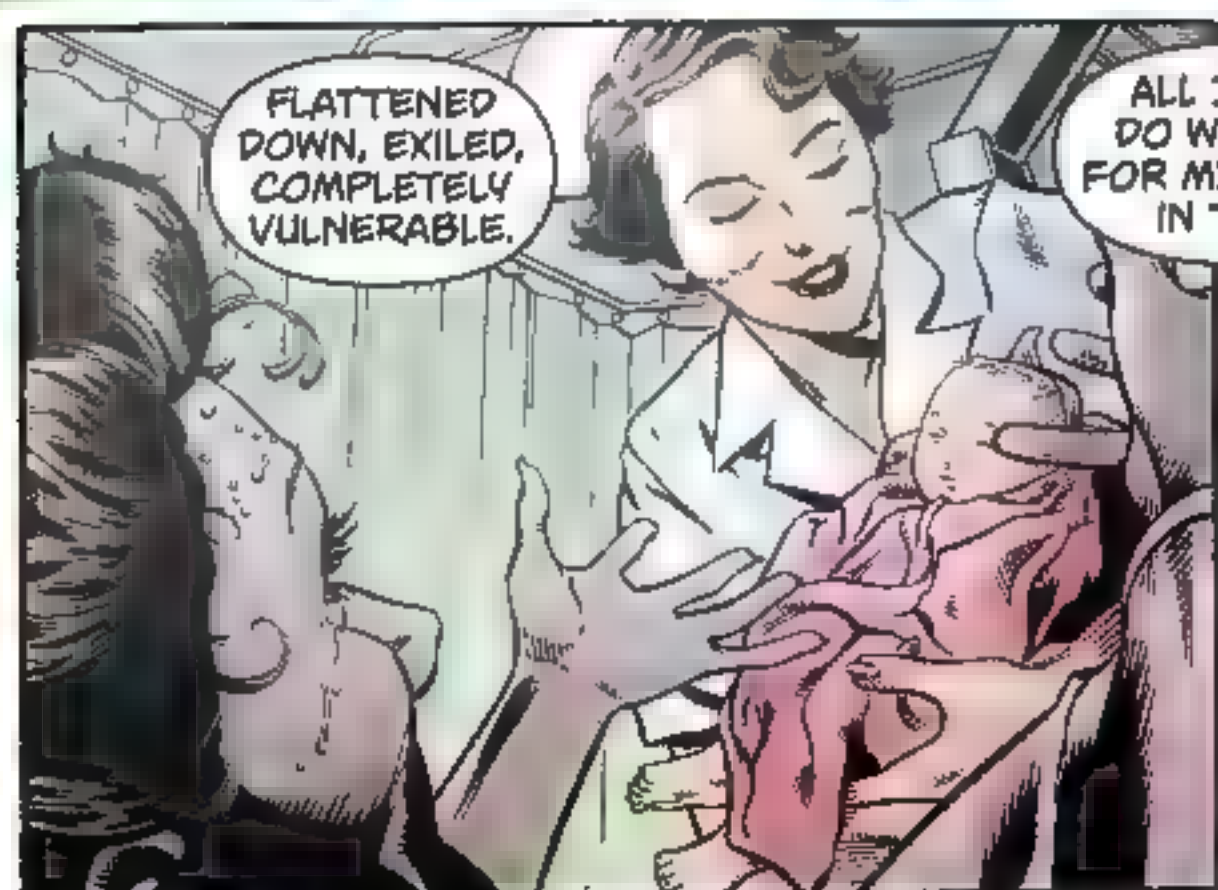


I'LL NEVER FORGET THE SOUNDS OF SCREAMING AND BREAKING.

AND MXV TELLING ME TO RUN--

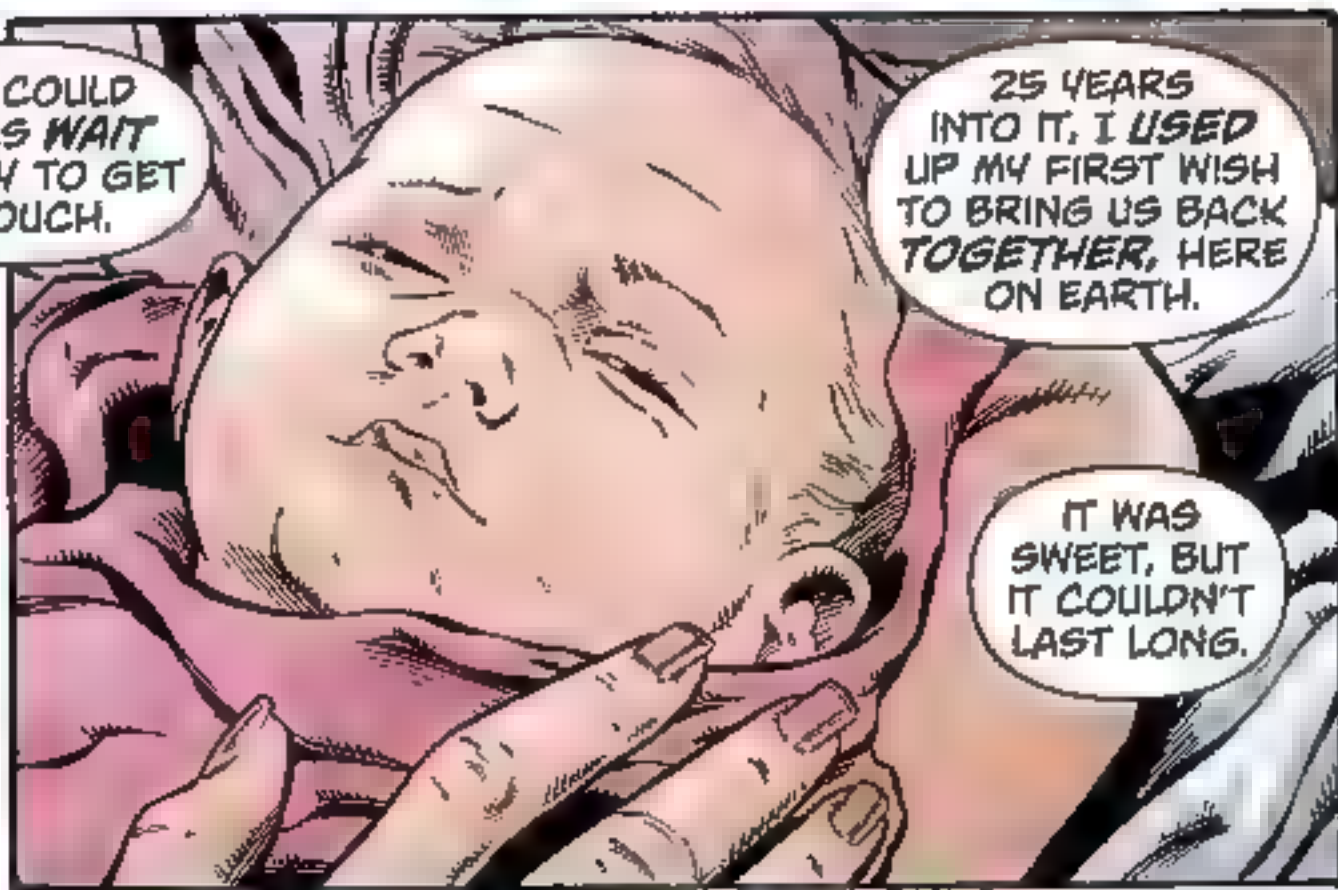
SO I RAN--SHEDDING DIMENSIONS AS I WENT.

I HID HERE, ON EARTH, ALMOST 60 YEARS AGO.



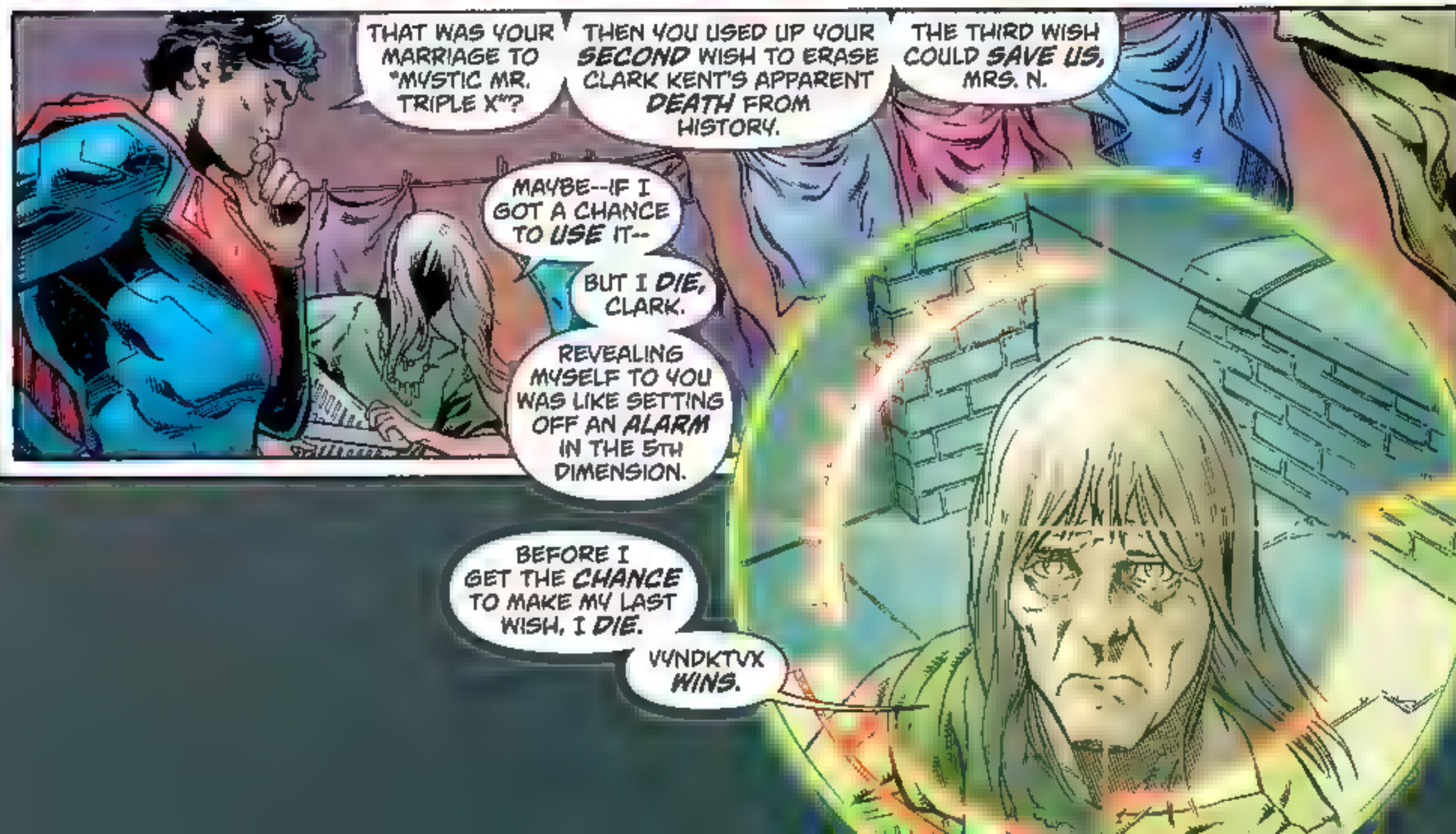
FLATTENED DOWN, EXILED, COMPLETELY VULNERABLE.

ALL I COULD DO WAS WAIT FOR MXV TO GET IN TOUCH.



25 YEARS INTO IT, I USED UP MY FIRST WISH TO BRING US BACK TOGETHER, HERE ON EARTH.

IT WAS SWEET, BUT IT COULDN'T LAST LONG.



THAT WAS YOUR MARRIAGE TO "MYSTIC MR. TRIPLE X"?

THEN YOU USED UP YOUR **SECOND** WISH TO ERASE CLARK KENT'S APPARENT DEATH FROM HISTORY.

THE THIRD WISH COULD SAVE US, MRS. N.

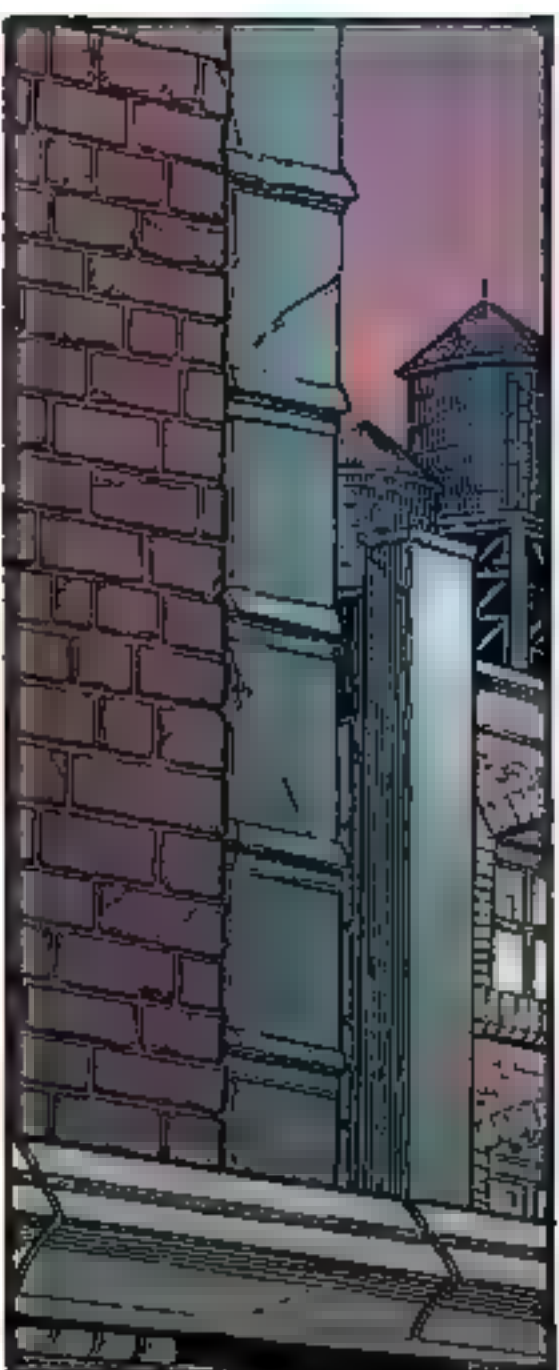
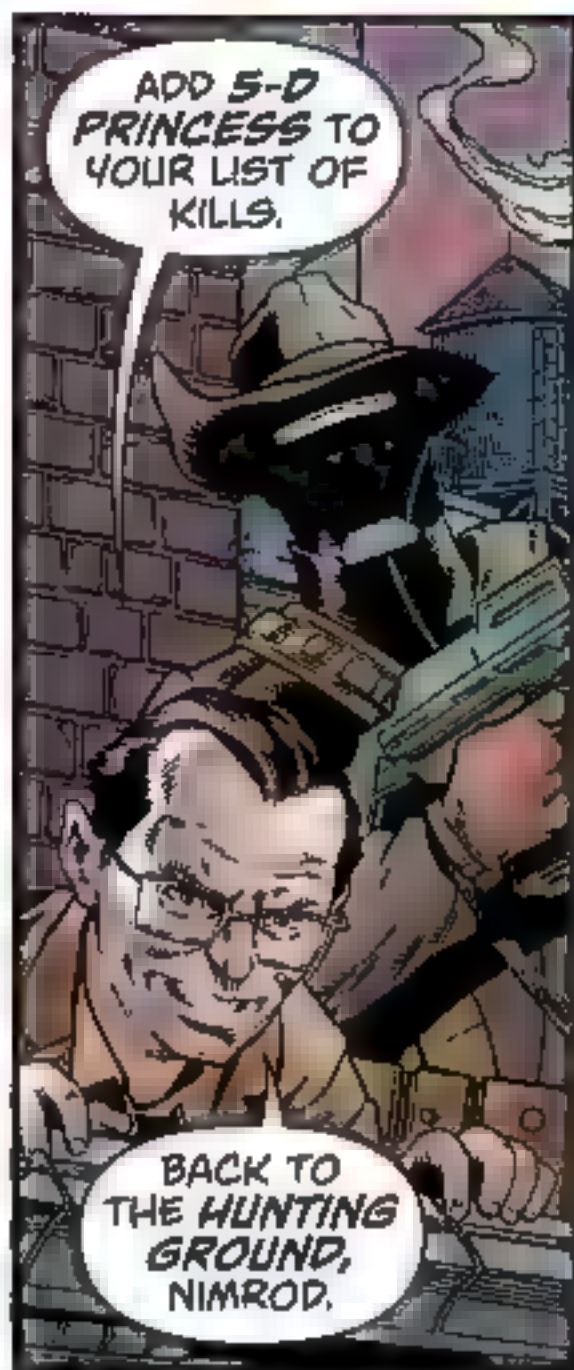
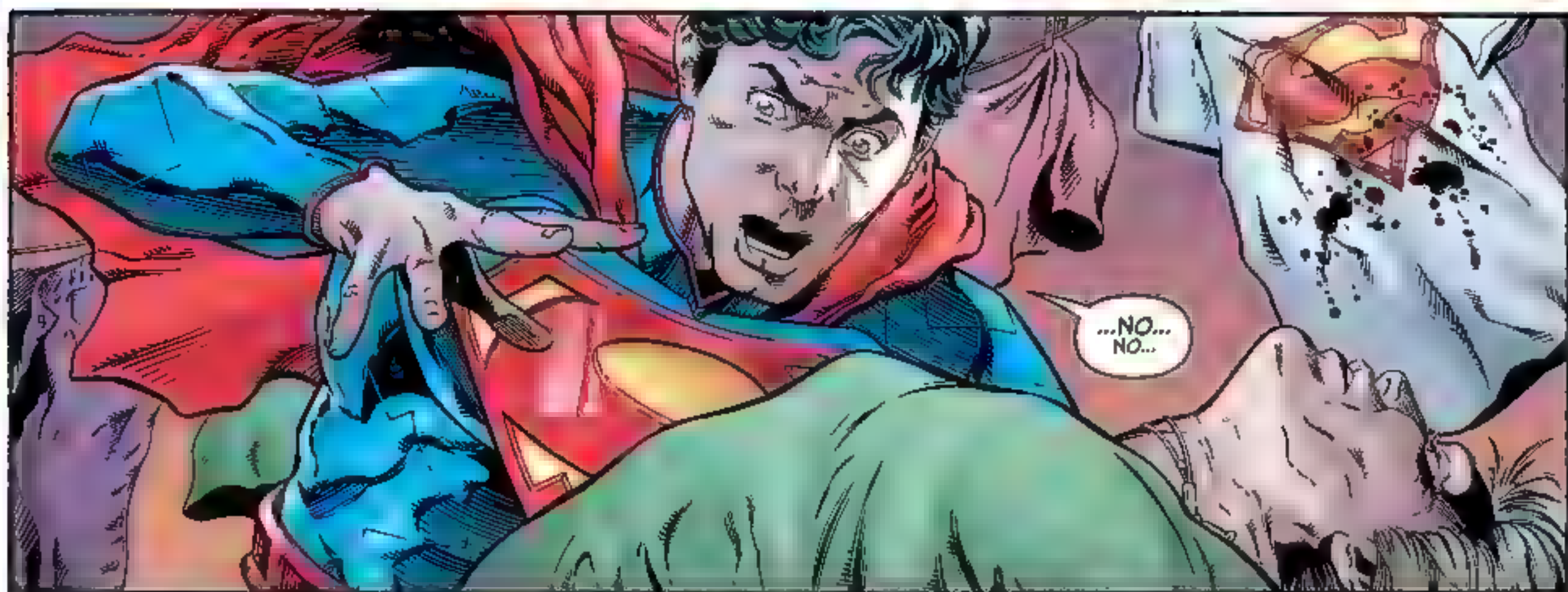
MAYBE--IF I GOT A CHANCE TO USE IT--

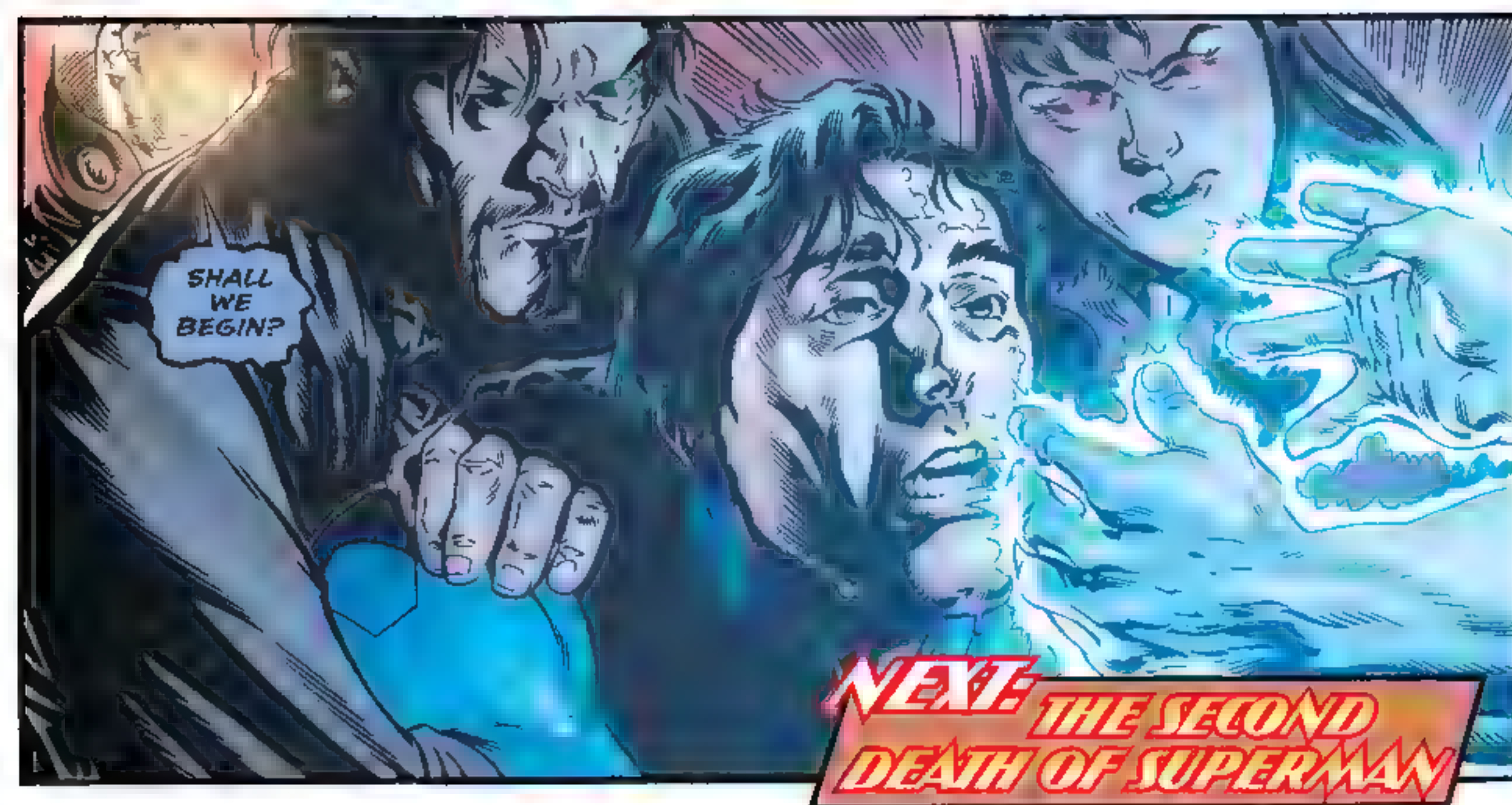
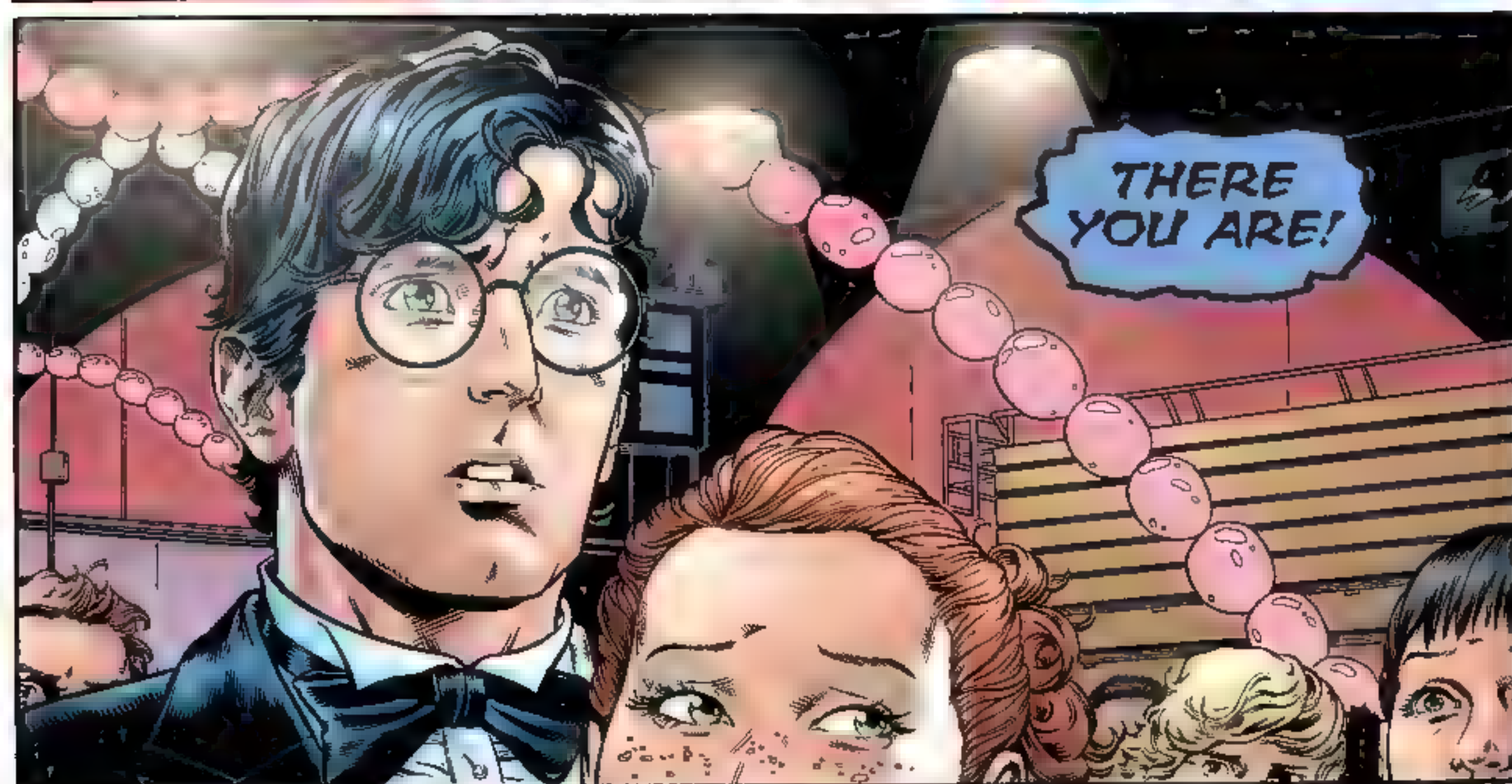
BUT I DIE, CLARK.

REVEALING MYSELF TO YOU WAS LIKE SETTING OFF AN ALARM IN THE 5TH DIMENSION.

BEFORE I GET THE CHANCE TO MAKE MY LAST WISH, I DIE.

VUNDKTVX WINS.





There is a place
beyond length
and width. Beyond
depth and *time*.

A place where
imagination is
reality. A place
of *magic*.

This is a tale
of an *imp* --

-- and his
greatest
trick of all.



FOR MY NEXT
TRICK...

SHOLLY FISCH - WRITER
CHRIS SPROUSE - PENCILLER
KARL STORY - INKER
JORDIE BELLAIRE - COLORIST
TAYLOR ESPOSITO - LETTERER
WIL MOSS - ASSOCIATE EDITOR
MATT IDELSON - EDITOR

SUPERMAN CREATED BY
JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

But I'm getting
ahead of myself.
Or maybe *behind*.

Once there was
an imp made of
wishes and
mischief.

His tricks were the
delight of the land
of *Zrfff*— and
especially its *King*.

TSK.
YOU REALLY
MUST CLEAN OUT
YOUR EARS MORE
OFTEN, YOUR
MAJESTY!

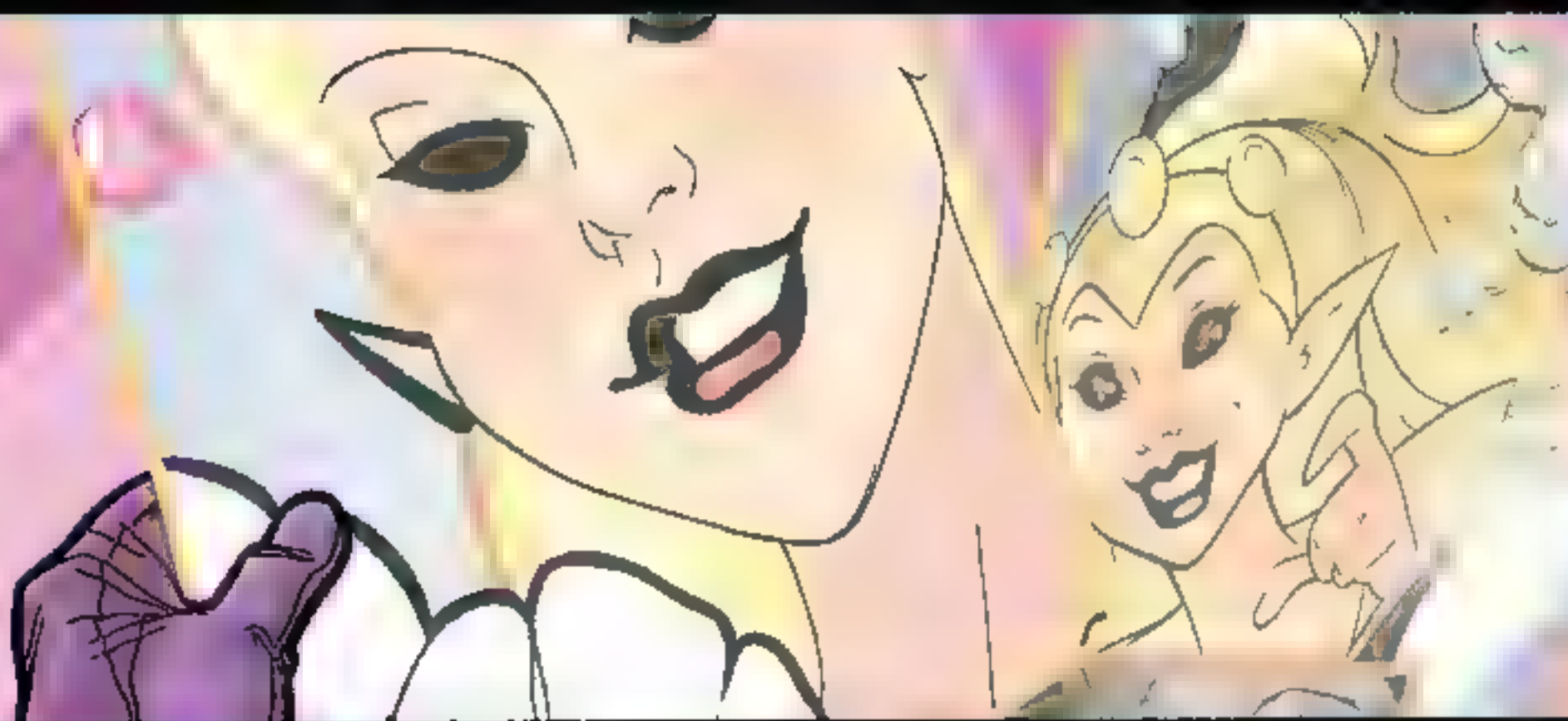
CREAM PIE? HOW
DID THAT GET
IN THERE?

MXYZPTLK, YOU'VE
OUTDONE YOURSELF!
SURELY THIS MUST BE
YOUR *GREATEST*
TRICK OF ALL!

MY
GREATEST
TRICK? OH,
NO.

THIS
ISN'T MY
GREATEST
TRICK.

Once there was a princess made of giggles and sunshine.



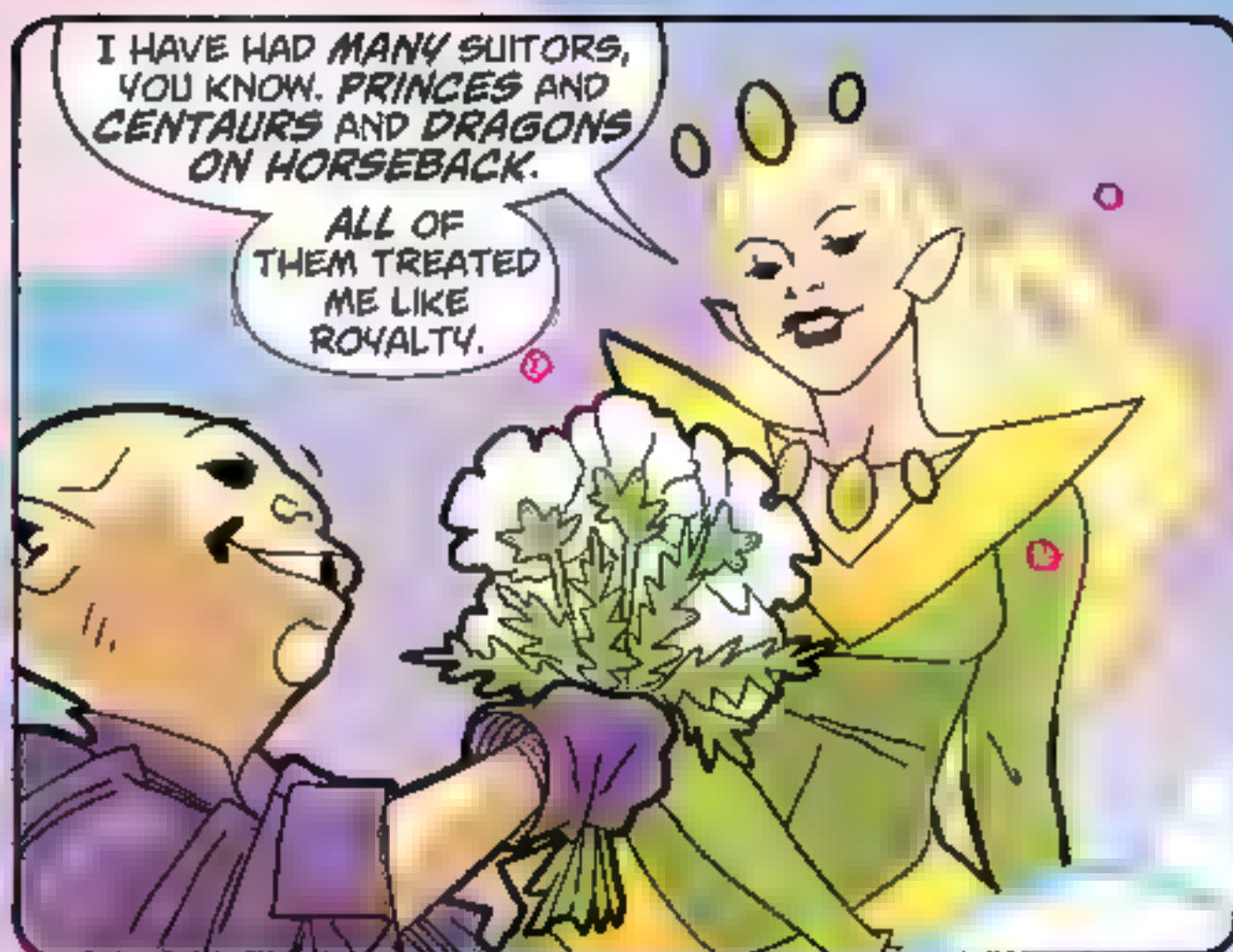
DO YOU KNOW WHY I LOVE YOU?

OF COURSE, GSPTLNZ--GOOD TASTE.



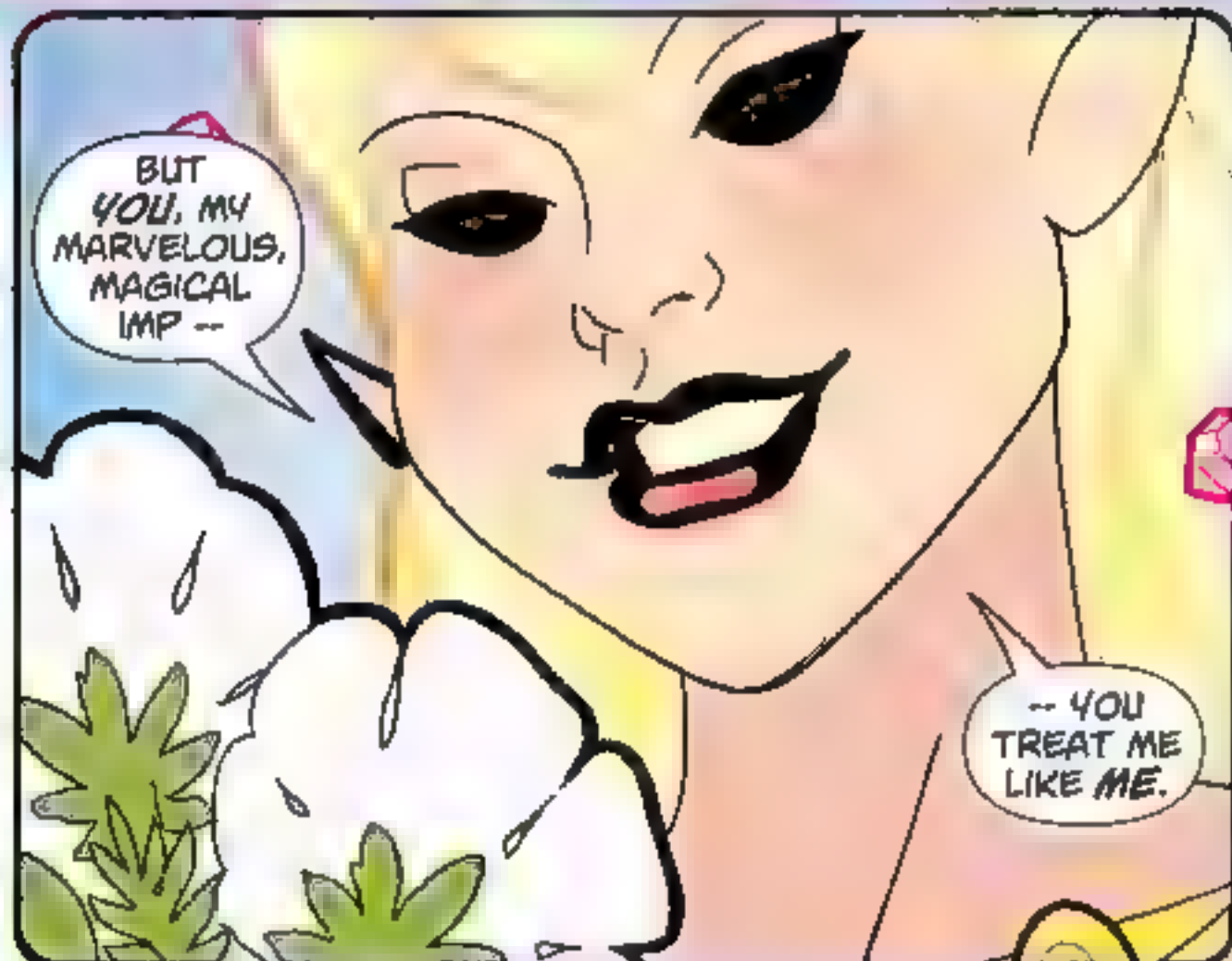
I HAVE HAD MANY SUITORS, YOU KNOW. PRINCES AND CENTAURS AND DRAGONS ON HORSEBACK.

ALL OF THEM TREATED ME LIKE ROYALTY.

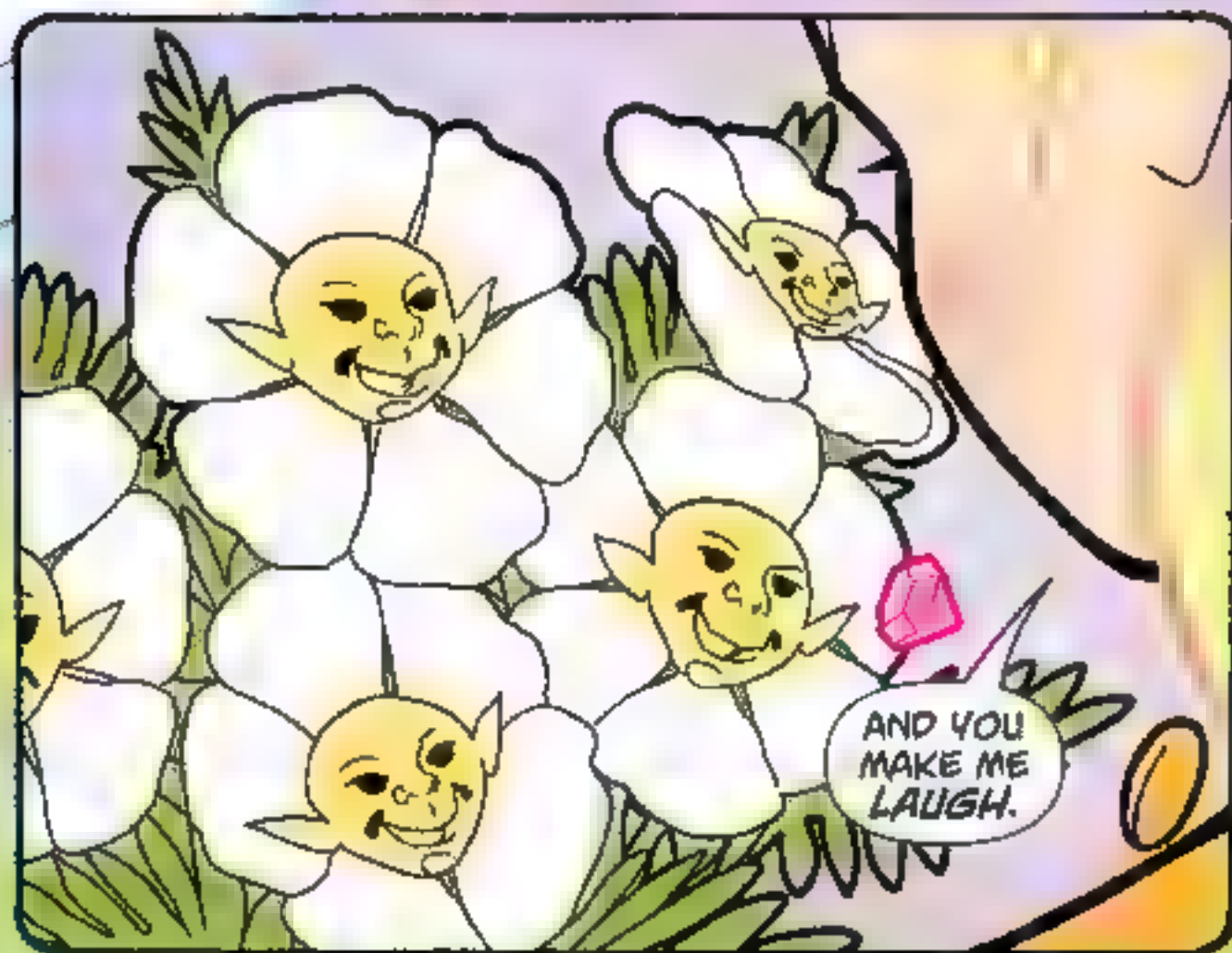


BUT YOU, MY MARVELOUS, MAGICAL IMP --

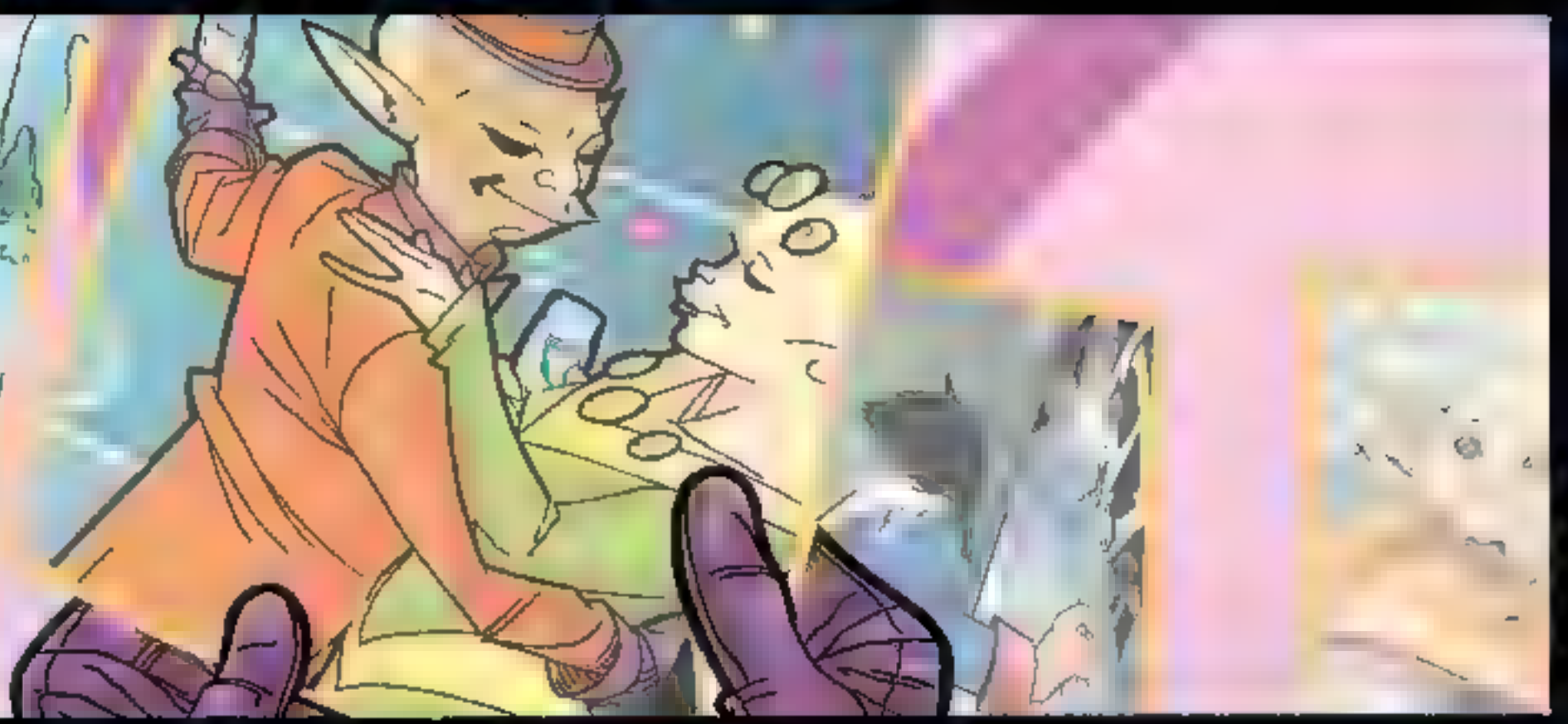
-- YOU TREAT ME LIKE ME.



AND YOU MAKE ME LAUGH.



Once there was a romance made of moonbeams and rainbows.



BRAVO!
BRAVO!

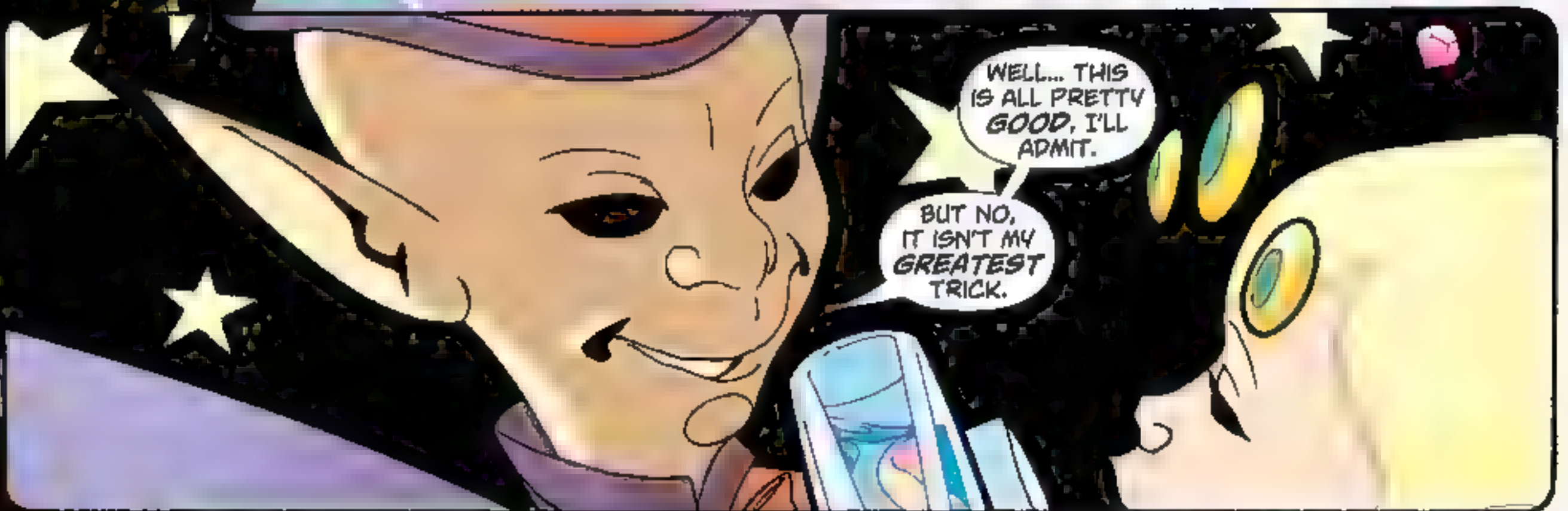
NOW THIS,
MXYZPTLK --

-- THIS
MUST BE YOUR
GREATEST
TRICK!



WELL... THIS
IS ALL PRETTY
GOOD, I'LL
ADMIT.

BUT NO,
IT ISN'T MY
GREATEST
TRICK.



Once there was a villain made of spite and malice.

Vyndktvx took himself so seriously that the imp couldn't resist giving his nose an occasional *tweak*.

Perhaps he *shouldn't* have.

The magician was determined to tear *everything* away from the imp. His *love* --

-- his *freedom* --

-- and even his *greatest* trick.

But the joke was on the villain. Because the Man of Steel was the imp's *favorite* trick --

- not his *greatest*.

Once there was a *three-dimensional couple* who lived an *ordinary* life.



They stayed *connected*, even when it felt like they were *worlds apart*.



They made a home.



They went to work.



And, though they knew nothing lasts forever, they supported each other in *sickness* and in *health*.



Until finally, in time...



Once there was a baby made of *music* --



-- a clear, strong melody of purest joy.

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? IS IT ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR ATTACKS?

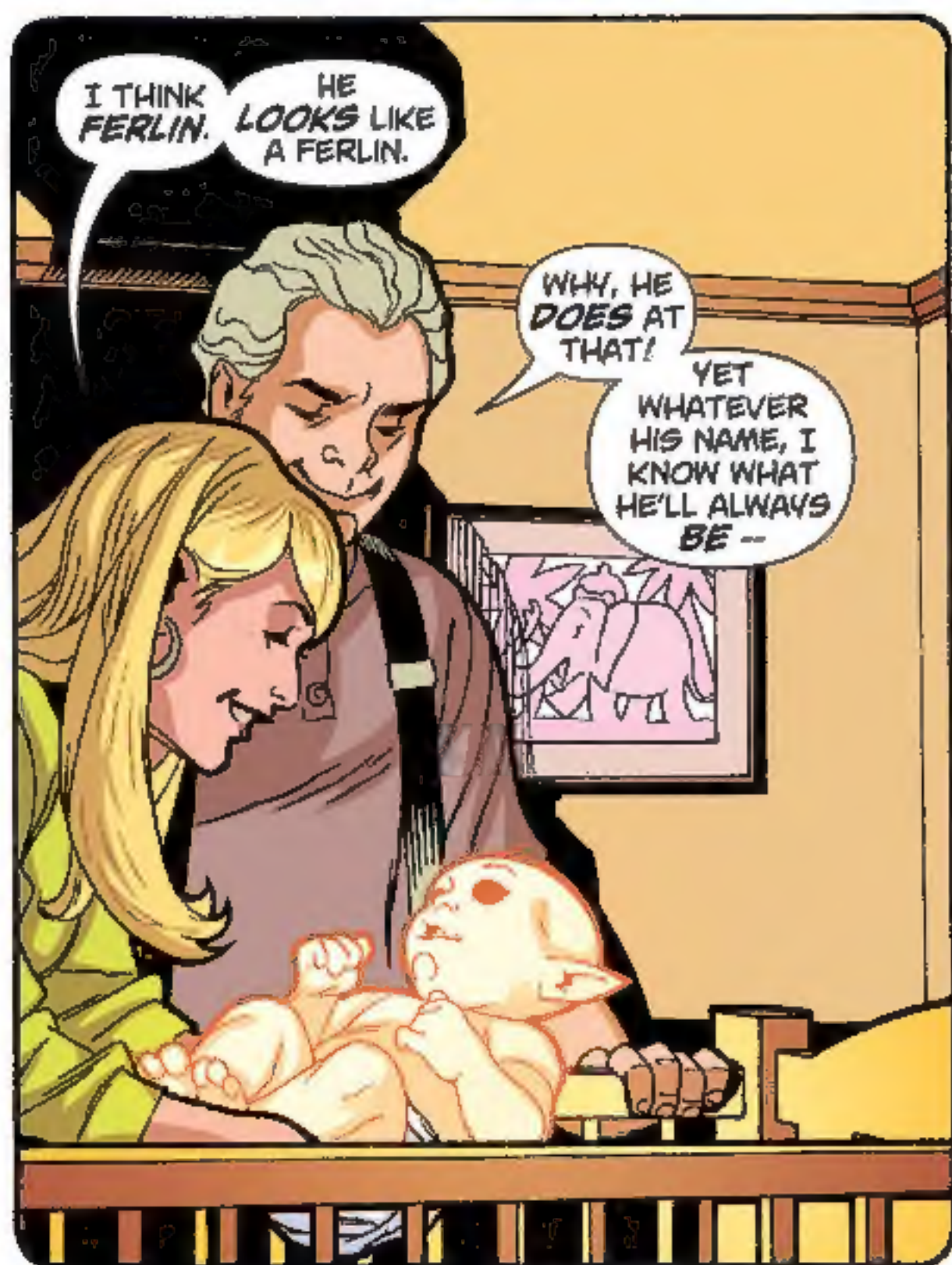
IT'S... NOTHING --



-- NOTHING COMPARED TO HIM.

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE HIS NAME SHOULD BE? PLKZNX? RTZSTZNV?

HOW ABOUT "PLATYPUS"?



I THINK FERLIN.

HE LOOKS LIKE A FERLIN.

WHY, HE DOES AT THAT!

YET WHATEVER HIS NAME, I KNOW WHAT HE'LL ALWAYS BE --



-- MY GREATEST TRICK OF ALL.

Once there was a princess aged by *regret* and *sorrow*.



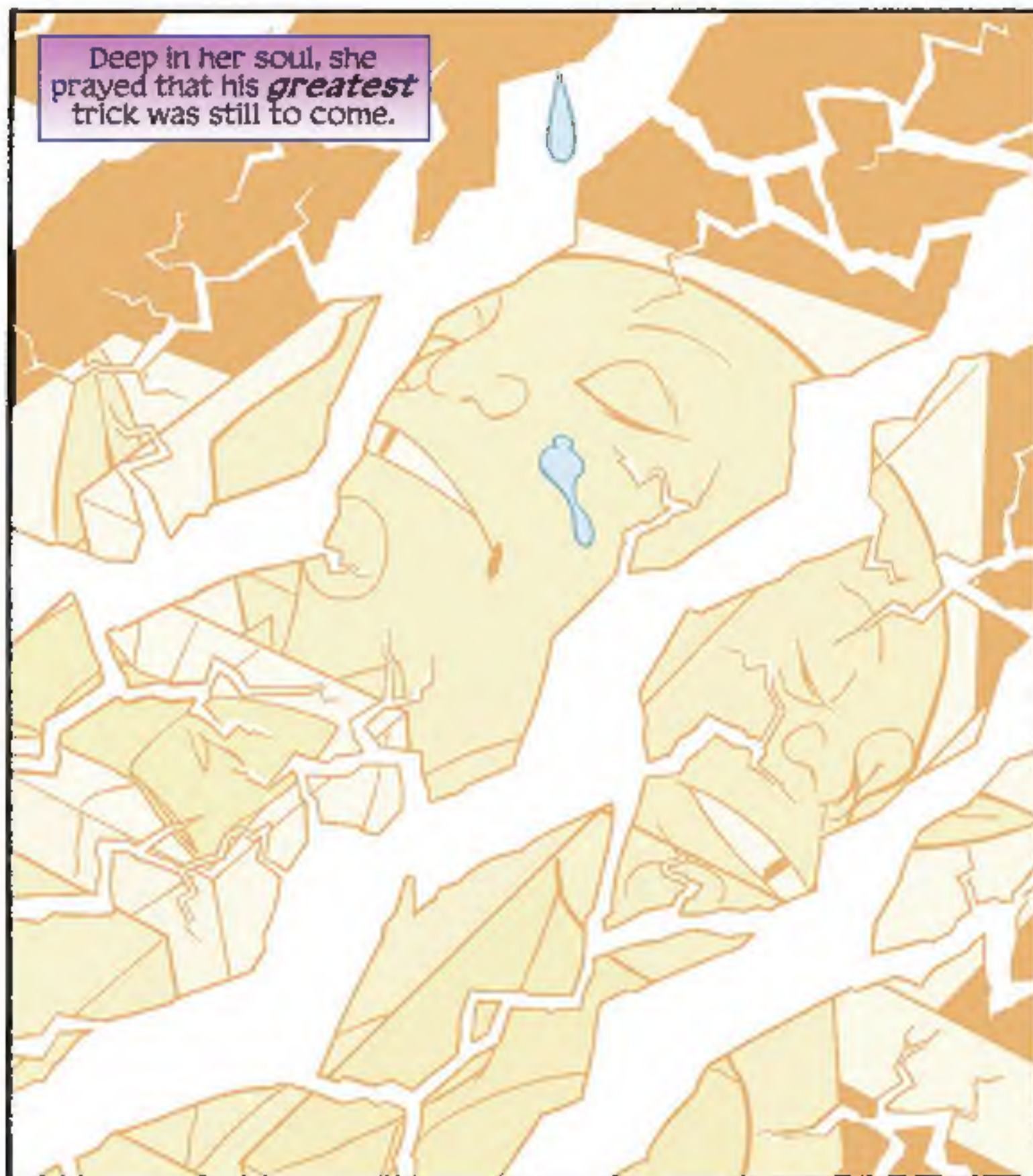
She'd been *flattered* to be at the heart of her imp's *greatest trick*.



But now, she hoped he was *wrong*.



Deep in her soul, she prayed that his *greatest* trick was still to come.



Because, more than anything else, what her dear, beloved imp needed now --

-- was an *escape act*.



**THE
END**